

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 14.

J. J. BURKE,  
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Dec. 4, 1890.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR  
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

HOLIDAY GOODS ARE NOW ARRIVING AT C. O. FOLTZ

## JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS!

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

L. W. LEWIS, JEWELER.

ANTIOCH,

ILLINOIS.

**T. F. WILLIAMS, M. D.**  
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.**  
DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN  
A SPECIALTY.  
Office two doors West of News office, up stairs,  
ANTIOCH, ILL.

### WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE

GOING NORTH.  
No. 5, 8:07 P. M.  
No. 7, 10:38 A. M.  
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.  
No. 1, 12:00 A. M.  
GOING SOUTH.  
No. 4, 4:38 A. M.  
No. 6, 11:58 A. M.  
No. 8, 4:47 P. M.  
No. 10, 7:35 A. M.  
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.  
Reference mark: \* Stop on signal.  
During the Summer Season, all of the above  
trains, run daily between Chicago and Wauke-  
gan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.  
W. F. FRIEDL, AGT.

### Antioch Home News.

Attend the shoe social at Chinn's hall Friday evening, Dec. 5th.

Dec. 1st was ushered in by a snow storm and moderately cold weather.

Mr. C. O. Foltz has purchased a lot from Mr. Johannott in Johannott's addition to Antioch.

The Thanksgiving ball in this village on last Thursday evening was a big success. Over 100 couples were present.

The Antioch News and the Chicago weekly Inter Ocean or Journal, to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

The new ice house at Cross Lake is well under way. The building will be 200 feet square. The company will also build a boarding house for the accommodation of the employees.

The men engaged in tiling the Trieger farm struck a "snag" in the shape of a quantity of quicksand, when about 15 feet deep in their ditch, which makes further work on the job extremely difficult.

Rumor sayeth another wedding in this village recently. We would hail a genuine out-and-out wedding report with gladness. There has been altogether too many groundless rumors of the sort about lately.

Mr. Howard, our new furniture dealer, has a word to say this week to parties wishing to purchase furniture. Read his advertisement in another column and call around and examine his stock. It will pay you to do so.

Our blacksmiths find no time to fool away as is clearly shown by the fact that Mr. Peterson found it necessary to secure the assistance of a man from Chicago some time ago, and Mr. Didama is now advertising for a man to help him in his shop.

As announced in last week's paper there will be a benefit concert at Rogers hall on the coming Saturday evening, Dec. 6th. The proceeds of the evening are to be given to Mr. Will Evans of Trevor, who so recently met with a bad misfortune in the loss of his child. We are proud to have it to say that the people of this village and the surrounding country, are ever ready to help those in trouble, and we are confident that they will not be less generous on the present occasion than usual.

Attend the benefit concert.

J. E. Perkins spent Sunday with his parents in Burlington.

Fine line of chairs, chromos and fancy ware at J. C. James & Son's.

A few of our young people took in the Thanksgiving ball at McHenry.

Mr. L. J. Simons recently purchased the Felter farm. Consideration \$8,000.

Mr. Geo. Grice removed with his family to Waukegan during the past week.

Twenty five cents will admit you to the benefit concert and you cannot fail to have a good time.

Messrs Wm. Tiffany, Edd Rogers and Daniel Williams came home from Waukegan to spend Thanksgiving.

A welcome improvement has been made in the sidewalk in front of Williams Bros store. Let the good work go on, there are still a few more places to fix.

According to the new law, postmasters who fail to notify publishers when subscribers move away or fail to take papers from the post-office will be held responsible for the subscription.

J. C. James & Son have succeeded in getting their new building fitted up in good shape to receive their stock of furniture and will soon be ready to meet all their old customers in their new quarters.

Henry Bates, who has been driving a team for some time past in Chicago made his parents a short visit on Sunday last. Henry looks the same as usual and says he likes his job first rate.

About the only good our snowstorms so far have done this season is to make the roads wet and disagreeable. In this respect they bear a striking resemblance to the snowstorms of last winter.

If you do not believe that real-estate is "booming" in this village, step out and get prices on the different portions now open for sale. The sharp advance in prices that has taken place during the past six months may surprise you.

Many of our farmers are complaining of the low prices paid for live stock. There is one thing that the farmers of Illinois should remember and that is, that good markets live only in memory now. The western farmer, with the abundance of means he has at his command, is bound to crush the markets down. He can sell at a profit where the eastern farmer would lose money.

It takes lots of push and energy on the part of its business men to build up a town of any importance but when once the town has established for itself the name of being a good wide awake place half the battle is won. We are indeed fortunate in having in our village a class of merchants and other business men who are alive to every issue of the day and are at all times eager to promote the best interests of the village.

Read the auction sale of clothing etc. in another column.

C. H. Whitcher of Bristol was in this village on Saturday last.

W. H. Ring has been on the sick list for the past few days.

Hand sleds of all kinds at J. C. James & Son's furniture store.

Mrs. Dr. Ames has been quite ill for the past week or ten days.

Jeweler Lewis made a trip to Chicago on business during the past week.

Mr. Myron Oleott Sr. and his wife have been visiting in Solon for some time past.

Mr. L. J. Simons has gone to Iowa for a visit with his brother David Simons.

Miss Alice Hall of Chicago was the guest of her sister, Mrs. L. R. Graves last week.

Coon & Maguire have been circulating among our farmers for some time past buying up their pork.

Mr. Chinn has built a large shed for his sheep and is feeding quite a number for the Chicago markets.

L. B. Grice has sold his residence in this village to Jim French, and will move into his brother George's house.

Mr. Edwin Richards recently purchased a lot from Mr. C. O. Foltz in the Mrs. Kilmer addition. Consideration \$250.

Mr. Steben Winchell recently delivered six 7 month old hogs to Coon & McGuire that averaged 270 pounds each.

Mrs. R. B. Webb and family of Minneapolis, Minn., are visiting with relatives and friends in this neighborhood.

Mr. J. Hendricks of Spring Grove and his son-in-law, Mr. David Smiley of Woodstock were callers at our office on Friday last.

BORN: To Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Siver, Wednesday, November 20th a nine pound girl baby. Mother and child are doing nicely.

All kinds of sewing machine supplies furnished on short notice at the Antioch furniture store, J. C. James & Son's.

Send in your subscription. We are daily adding new names to our lists and would be glad to place yours there if you are not already a subscriber.

A lady in our village sent a note to one of our merchants to send her 3 yards of cambric. The genial clerk read it 3 quarts of cranberries and sent her the fruit instead of the cloth.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Brown, of Libertyville, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rogers of the village, enjoyed a pleasant visit and Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. Allen Rogers and daughter, on Thanksgiving day.

Thirty car loads of lumber were recently received at Cross Lake by the Merchants Ice Co. to be used in their buildings during the coming winter. The company there, as well as all the other ice companies along the line, is looking forward to '92 and in all probability will erect another building fully as large as the one now under way, before that time.

### Married.

Wednesday Nov. 10, at 3 o'clock Mr. John E. Theobald and Miss Lizzie L. Graves were united in matrimony at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. W. E. Toll of the Episcopal Church of Waukegan. The bride was becomingly attired in a gray honietta cloth dress with silk trimmings. Her maid of honor, Miss Emma Graves was similarly attired. The groom entered the parlor with Miss Emma on his arm, the best man, the groom's brother Jacob Theobald, followed with the bride. They separated in the center of the parlor where the nuptial knot was tied amid a large congregation of friends and relatives. The presents received were numerous but lack of space forbids an enumeration of them.

### Wisconsin Central Time Table. Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1, 12:45 a. m.	No. 2, 4:32 a. m.
No. 3, 10:50 p. m.	No. 4, 8:03 a. m.
No. 5, 5:14 p. m.	No. 6, 11:33 a. m.
No. 7, 10:43 a. m.	No. 8, 3:30 p. m.
No. 9, 7:20 p. m.	No. 10, 7:20 a. m.

\* Trains stop on signal only.  
† Trains do not stop for passengers.  
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor Saturday nights. Through tickets furnished at lowest rates. For further information enquire of Agent, GEORGE SHAVEN, Agent.

### TREVOR, WIS.

We now have a night operator at the depot.

J. L. Harden is quite a frequent visitor at Trevor.

John Patriek makes his weekly trip to Trevor every Saturday to spend the Sabbath.

Sam Stewart has taken the farm of B. Robbins at Liberty to work the ensuing year.

Geo. H. Booth shipped sheep from Chicago to Salem last week via the C. & N. W. R. R.

Miss Hetta Stewart took her weekly trip to Chicago last Saturday to meet her class in music.

S. A. Didama had a nice deer shipped to him from Northern Wis. last week, weighing 180 lbs.

Mr. William Hunter of Guide Rock, Nebraska returned to his old home in Salem a few days ago to remain.

Miss Topsy Stewart came home last week and took in Thanksgiving and returned to Chicago last Friday with her father and Miss Cora Reynolds, the school teacher at Liberty Corners.

Capt. Ballard of Libertyville is building the bridge across Fox River at Wilnot and it will be a substantial structure. He has the finest lot of piling ever put in a bridge across the river. They are all straight as a candle.

### SILVER LAKE NEWS.

Quite a snowstorm Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen are home again.

Miss Cora Reynolds, of Randall, took a trip to Chicago Friday.

Mr. G. H. Stockwell had the bad luck to lose two valuable cows.

Miss Kate Miller, of Genoa Junction, is visiting Miss Lizzie Hellier.

Mr. B. D. Dunning and family spent Thanksgiving at Union Grove.

John Ludwig, our general blacksmith, took in the dance at Bright-on the 28th.

Fred Shottliff, of Bristol, ate his Thanksgiving turkey at the Silver Lake Hotel.

Mr. Louis Sandburg and sister at Fox River Station are quite sick with Diphtheria.

Mr. Ned Gallagher attended the funeral of Anthony Forrie, of Kenosha, last week.

Four or five couples from Silver Lake attended the dance at Antioch Thanksgiving night.

Mr. George Selby and family spent Sunday at Mr. Runyards in celebration of Mr. Runyard's eighty-fourth birthday.

Three young ladies arrived at Silver Lake from Burlington and were met by their best fellows and took in the dance at Antioch.

Mr. H. Karow has so much business on hand that report says he will take a partner on Tuesday to help him on his weary way. That's right Herman. It is not good that man should live alone, especially if we should happen to have a cold winter.

### GRASS LAKE.

A. Herman and H. Middendorff have been entertaining a cousin from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Soules are here on a visit. They think that Antioch has improved very much.

F. Pitman bought quite a number of hogs here last week. Frank knows the worth of a good hog when he sees one.

Miss Linnabelle Little received a gold watch and her sister Nettie a gold bracelet from their Grandpa, H. D. Hall.

A. Herman Jr. has gone to Chicago to engage in business. His wife will stay with her mother, Mrs. John Yopp.

Mr. Ira Soules recently sold his farm, the old Morley place, for \$3,250 and 320 acres of land in North Dakota.

Mr. Charles Westerfield, of Waukegan, was in this vicinity a short while ago. He did the surveying for the Williams Bros at Channel Lake.

Mrs. H. Delaney of Chicago is stopping with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Paddock, while her house in the city is being enlarged and fitted up.

Mr. H. Delaney and Miss Bessie Paddock visited over Thanksgiving here. Miss Bessie visited our school Friday. They returned to the city Monday.

There were eight guests at the Ramaker House over Sunday. Among them were M. P. Borden and James Gardiner of Chicago and H. D. Hull of Riverside, Ill.

There will be great improvements made on the old Morley Farm next year. The man who purchased it is from Chicago and will build a hotel on "Old John's Island", in the Fox River. A boulevard will be opened from his hotel to the resorts belonging to A. Herman and Wm. Ramaker.

### CAMP LAKE.

George Bent is nursing a sore hand.

Miss Mamie Jordan is home from Chicago.

Miss Maggie Gallagher took in Kenosha this week.

Gus and Otto Bowman visited friends here last week.

Miss Kittie McGinty is spending a vacation at Channel Lake.

Misses Dot and Lizzie Phillips took a trip to Chicago last week.

The young folks enjoyed a very pleasant evening at Mr. Phillis's in honor of Miss Dots birthday.

The young people of this vicinity attended the dances at Wilnot and Antioch Thanksgiving. All report a good time.

### BLACKSMITHING.

I have secured the assistance of a blacksmith from Chicago and am now able to perform all work received, promptly. Prices always reasonable and I guarantee my work to be first class in all respects.

N. PETERSON.

### NOTICE.

Travel across Fox River at Wilnot will not be interfered with on account of new bridge being built, as a temporary bridge for the accommodation of the public is built.

M. Keenan Supervisor.

Spend the Holidays with your Friends.

On December 24th, 25th and 31st 1890, and January 1st 1891 the Wisconsin Central Lines will sell Round Trip excursion Tickets to all points on its lines within a radius of 200 miles, at rate of one and one third fare. Tickets will be good for return passage until January 5th inclusive. For tickets and other information apply to agents of the line.

### CARD OF THANKS.

To the many friends who so kindly assisted us during the sickness and death of our mother we wish to express our sincere thanks.

Frank, Arthur and Maggie Brown.

### AUCTION SALE OF MERCHANDISE

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction for Cash, at Phelps' Store, at Grays Lake, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1890 at 1 o'clock p. m. sharp, a quantity of merchandise consisting of men and boys clothing, hats, shoes, ladies' cloaks and wraps, dress goods, ladies' gloves, and other articles too numerous to mention.

R. JOHANNOTT.

A CHINN, Auctioneer.

### BLACKSMITH WANTED. Single Man Preferred.

WANTED a good horse-shoer for country work, as assistant in shop. None but a steady sober man need apply. To the right party a good steady position may be had by applying to J. E. Didama, Antioch, Lake Co., Ills.

### Have Dissolved Partnership.

Public notice is hereby given that the Co-partnership, heretofore existing between Walter S. Gifford and George N. Gifford, under the style of "Gifford Brothers," is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Walter S. Gifford retiring from said firm. Signed: W. S. Gifford, G. N. Gifford.

Dated Antioch, Oct 10, 1890.

The business will be continued under the management of The Gifford Company.

### NOTICE.

I am prepared to butcher cattle in good shape at 50 cents per head. Apply to A. EDGAR, Butcher, Antioch, Illinois.

### NOTICE!

Watches! Watches!

All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per cent. over wholesale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from \$20 to \$10. Please call and I will show you the net prices.

T. C. Richardson, Antioch, Ill.

### A LUCKY LADY.

MILAN, Tenn., Sep. 23rd. Mrs. G. W. Combs, of Humboldt, Tenn., a former resident of this place, has recently fallen heir to half a million dollars left by her Scotch grandfather. She has forwarded proof of her relationship to the lawyers and will receive her inheritance to-day. Evening Mail and Express, New York, Sep. 23rd, 1890.

We are Mrs. Combs' lawyers and by her seeing our advertisement became the agents of her good fortune. We have a number of similar claims in our hands and expect to gain them. If your ancestors came from the old country, write us and inclose 25 cents for reply. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain alone, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

EUROPEAN CLAIMS AGENCY, 59 Pearl Street, New York

## BRAN, MIDDINGS,

-AND-

## SCREENINGS,

IN CAR LOTS

AT CHICAGO WHOLESALE PRICES.

CHRISTIAN BRO'S, MILL CO'S

MINNEAPOLIS

FLOUR,

FOR SALE

AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

Williams Bros.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.



# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

A hotel-keeper in the interior of Judith county, Montana, has been murdered by a half-breed Mexican.

Oliver Giamatti of Olney, Ill., who was arrested at Virden for disposing of a team hired at Grandville, died in the county jail at Virden from the effects of arsenic which he had taken.

Dr. W. E. Todd shot and dangerously wounded T. Her, a jeweler at Jackson, Miss. The ball entered the arm and stayed up through the shoulder into the back. The physician amputated the arm but think Her cannot recover. The shooting grew out of an alleged intimacy between Todd and one Mrs. Mead, recently from Indiana.

William Moberly of Nokomis, Ill., was found dead in his bed. He had been taken home in a drunken stupor.

Harry O'Day of Keeler, Mich., was accidentally shot and killed by a companion while out hunting.

The paraffine plant of the Queens County Oil Works of New Town Creek, L. I., was totally destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$75,000.

Elmer Liston, 18 years of age, shot himself accidentally at Peoria, Ill., blowing off nearly half his head.

The body of F. B. Crocker, President of the Board of Public Works, at Denver, Col., who mysteriously disappeared, was found in a corn-field three miles from the city. The discovery was made accidentally by Farmer West.

Fire broke out in the kitchen of the Hotel Patagonic at Glen Echo, a pleasure resort several miles from Washington, D. C., and the structure was burned to the ground. Several persons had narrow escapes. Loss about \$20,000.

Albert Fischorn, 21 years old, died suddenly while at a dance in Chicago. It is supposed he was troubled with heart disease, and that the exercise of dancing hastened his death.

Louis Ricenow, a baker, was run over by a city car in Chicago, and died at a hospital.

Near Dayton, Mich., Mrs. Sarah Hoster stepped between two men who were quarreling with shot guns in their hands. She was in the hands of Charles Robinson, who discharged and Mrs. Hoster was instantly killed.

Douglas Bishop, aged 42, committed suicide by cutting his throat at Gibson City, Ill.

S. C. Orr and Samuel Torrell, mining experts, in trying to walk across Fall Lake, near Ely, Minn., broke through and were drowned. Orr is thought to have gone to the rescue of Torrell, after he got in the water, and both went down.

Leonard L. Roger, foreman of the harness department at the Rock Island Arsenal, fell backward from a wall on which he was standing. He struck his head on a stone, producing a fatal fracture.

The extensive barrel and stove works of R. F. Horn & Co., East St. Louis, Ill., were entirely destroyed by fire. Loss, \$75,000; insurance, \$25,000.

Thomas Black was found asphyxiated in his room at a hotel in Ironton, O. He had blown out the gas.

Several men were injured by the explosion of the boiler of a portable sawmill at Elco, Ill.

The money set aside to pay 225 men at Lithgow's foundry, Louisville, Ky., was stolen. The amount of the loss is \$2,183. There is no clue to the thief.

Fire destroyed the farm buildings and grain of W. K. Walter, near Morris, Minn., during a heavy windstorm. The total loss is \$20,000; insured for \$12,000.

Minnie Kinsley, a young woman living in Chicago, received a letter from Charles Bronhaute, of Prescott, Arizona. Charles declared his love for Minnie and proposed marriage. The young woman is now at the detention hospital. She was so overcome with joy that she lost her reason.

R. McKittick, at one time a Roman Catholic priest of Burlington, Ia., was found dead in his cabin near Seattle, Wash. On his table was found a bottle of morphine and a note stating that he was without friends and money, and hoped the drug he was about to take would prove fatal.

The Wupper river, in Germany, has risen, and five persons have been drowned in the floods. Two bridges have been carried away and other damage is done.

Samuel Cater, a soldier of the regular army, who has been stationed at Fort Meade, S. D., for the last thirty years, and who was recently retired from the service, was found dead in his bed at a hotel in Omaha. He had blown out the gas.

Near Sponmish, Wash., an Indian known as Beaver caught Jerry Gould of assaulting his spouse, and threatened to shoot him unless he paid him \$100. Gould refused, when the Indian opened fire. Gould returned the fire and shot Beaver dead. The other Indians swear vengeance. Gould has fled.

The dwelling of Arthur Harold, at Seattle, Wash., was burned. His 4-month-old babe perished, and his wife and little daughter are probably fatally burned.

Mrs. E. J. Lapsley was killed by a train at Sioux City, Iowa.

The barn of Mrs. Chris Rehnemuehneider, southwest of St. Center, Ia., was burned to the ground, together with twenty-five head of horses and twenty-five tons of hay.

Mrs. Alice Jones, wife of J. K. Jones, of Wichita, Kan., committed suicide by taking laudanum. She was driven to such action by family troubles.

William Blythe and H. Binnett were drowned at Sodus Bay, N. Y., while duck-hunting.

John Gebhard, his wife, and their two children were instantly killed by a train at Closter, N. J.

The Legislature of Alabama re-elected United States Senator Pugh.

On crowded Fourth street in Louisville, Ky., Miss Ellen Powell, a young school teacher, was set upon and robbed by a negro. She was beaten insensible and may die.

The North Pacific Hotel and buildings of the Oregon Pottery company, at Portland, Ore., were totally destroyed by fire. Loss, \$150,000; fully insured.

At Ann Arbor, Mich., Grabner, Binder, Glanzel, Root and Parsons were re-arrested charged with manslaughter. The young men were arrested for participating in the riot that led to Irving Dennison's death. The arrests were unexpected and have caused great excitement.

# ATE A WHISKY GLASS.

## A DRUMMER ENDS HIS LIFE IN A MINUTE.

Seventeen Lives Lost—Fatal Accident on the Baltic—Other Condensed News.

Going On the Warpath.

Orders were issued to the Ninth Cavalry, at Pine Ridge, S. D., to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Two hundred rounds of ammunition were shoved out to the men and every preparation made for a hasty march.

The news from the camp of the Rosebud Indians forced the authorities to take some action. About 300 Indians who arrived brought the most alarming reports. The Rosebud redskins, according to their report, are ready for a fight. The two hands under Two Strike and Short Bull have joined their forces and are making all preparations for war. They have been making medicine to render themselves invulnerable to the bullets of the white men, and painting their bodies and ponies for the warpath.

The reports apparently convinced Gen. Brooke that a movement was necessary. No official information as to the intentions of the authorities could be obtained, as all four troops of the Ninth Cavalry are instructed not to allow any of their men to leave camp.

Maj. Sisson, Indian Agent at Lower Brule, heard that a ghost dance was in operation at the mouth of White River, several miles below the agency, and he sent a force of Indian police to the scene for the purpose of breaking up the dance and arresting the leaders. The police were soon on the ground, and, making a charge, succeeded in capturing five Indians, one of whom, Chicken Head, who, like the others, was armed, attempted to resist. Capt. Fice Thumder, Chief of the Police, who is a large, burly Indian, rushed in on him, and, grasping the obstreperous redskin around the waist, carried him bodily to the jail.

It is rumored that another dance is in operation.

Suicided in a Queer Way.

A most sensational suicide occurred in a saloon on Washington avenue south, Minneapolis. William J. Bell, a commercial traveler for a Chicago and Toledo tobacco house, entered, walked up to the bar, and asked for and received a glass of whisky. He took the glass of liquor in his hands and taking a seat at a table drank the beverage. The proprietor and bystanders did not notice anything special about the man until a moment later they heard him grind the glass between his teeth. The witnesses of this terrible performance were quite paralyzed over the spectacle, and for a moment did not attempt to interfere with Bell's foolish act.

They were more horrified still when they saw that the man was swallowing the glass. When the performance was finally stopped the greater portion of the glass had been devoured. A few minutes later the patrol wagon was on the scene and the man quickly removed to the city hospital. He suffered terribly en route and died from internal hemorrhages before he could be put to bed. The cause for the terrible deed was the discovery that his wife had begun leading a life of sin, having been arrested in a house of bad repute. Bell was about 30 years old and well connected in Chicago and Toledo.

Jealousy and Murder.

A dance at Van Wert, O., was brought to a sudden termination at 3 o'clock in the morning by a shooting affray which resulted in the killing of Hamilton Pruitt, an innocent bystander, and the serious wounding of Oliver Ramsey, who is the victim of William Stewart, a jealous husband.

Some weeks ago Stewart's wife left him and has since been residing with her relatives. He has long suspected an intimacy between Ramsey and his wife and since their separation has repeatedly threatened vengeance against him. Stewart purchased a revolver and put in the entire evening getting drunk. Just as the dance was about to close he staggered up to the door and saw Ramsey and Pruitt in conversation. Without a word of warning he fired at Ramsey but his aim was untrue and Pruitt received the charge intended for Ramsey. It entered the left breast, penetrating the heart. He sank to the floor and was dead in five minutes. Ramsey received the second and third shots. Stewart was overpowered, disarmed and taken to jail. Ramsey is in a critical condition.

Murderous Wretches.

Flames poured out of the three-story brick building leased by A. C. Orcutt as a furniture store, at New Rochelle, N. Y. Fireman William Weisskopf burst in the door, found a clerk, Alexander Griffin, inside, bound hand and feet, and a third man, who was brought out, and while the firemen worked on the flames Griffin told his story: He said he was in bed in the rear of the store when three men entered. Two held him while one bound him securely. After that he was thrown to the floor and one man stood over him with a revolver. The other two went through the store and searched the till, and then proceeded up-stairs to the offices of lawyer C. H. Wason and Attorney D. L. Somers. Something must have frightened them, for they beat a hasty retreat. The next thing Griffin knew flames were bursting forth in the rear of the store. He dragged himself to the front door and lay there until rescued. The building was completely burned out. The family of Dr. Kull, on the top floor, barely escaped with their lives. They lost everything.

Attempt at Wracking.

An attempt was made to wreck the fast mail near Plymouth, Pa. William Cremer and John Grunps, engineer and fireman of a coal-train, detected two Hungarians acting suspiciously. The Hungarians were trying to fasten two large coupling-pins to the rail of the main track. Before they had time to finish their work the trainmen jumped from their hiding-place and arrested them. No. 4 passenger, the fastest on the road, was about due and if the Hungarians had succeeded in their design an awful wreck might have occurred. The prisoners, who gave their names as Mike Hordurich and Dennis Kull, on the top floor, barely escaped with their lives. They lost everything.

Seventeen People Lost Their Lives.

Further particulars of the burning of the steamer T. P. Leathers on the Mississippi, show the disaster to have been much greater than at first reported. Seventeen persons were either burned or drowned. Capt. Lamb says the steamer did not strike a sandbar, but was landed on the Louisiana side of the river. The Leathers' stern was aground. A gauplask was run out and the men leaped from it into the water. They had a very short distance to swim and the water was not over six feet deep, but a number were drowned in the strong current.

Those who were: A black passenger, name unknown; the McCorrister steward; Lucy Hill, chambermaid; William Jones, berthmaster; Edward Wright, cabin boy; Jack Payne, captain of the watch; Morgan, a fireman; and ten rouabouts.

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It is rumored that another dance is in operation.

Suicided in a Queer Way.

A most sensational suicide occurred in a saloon on Washington avenue south, Minneapolis. William J. Bell, a commercial traveler for a Chicago and Toledo tobacco house, entered, walked up to the bar, and asked for and received a glass of whisky. He took the glass of liquor in his hands and taking a seat at a table drank the beverage. The proprietor and bystanders did not notice anything special about the man until a moment later they heard him grind the glass between his teeth. The witnesses of this terrible performance were quite paralyzed over the spectacle, and for a moment did not attempt to interfere with Bell's foolish act.

They were more horrified still when they saw that the man was swallowing the glass. When the performance was finally stopped the greater portion of the glass had been devoured. A few minutes later the patrol wagon was on the scene and the man quickly removed to the city hospital. He suffered terribly en route and died from internal hemorrhages before he could be put to bed. The cause for the terrible deed was the discovery that his wife had begun leading a life of sin, having been arrested in a house of bad repute. Bell was about 30 years old and well connected in Chicago and Toledo.

Jealousy and Murder.

A dance at Van Wert, O., was brought to a sudden termination at 3 o'clock in the morning by a shooting affray which resulted in the killing of Hamilton Pruitt, an innocent bystander, and the serious wounding of Oliver Ramsey, who is the victim of William Stewart, a jealous husband.

Some weeks ago Stewart's wife left him and has since been residing with her relatives. He has long suspected an intimacy between Ramsey and his wife and since their separation has repeatedly threatened vengeance against him. Stewart purchased a revolver and put in the entire evening getting drunk. Just as the dance was about to close he staggered up to the door and saw Ramsey and Pruitt in conversation. Without a word of warning he fired at Ramsey but his aim was untrue and Pruitt received the charge intended for Ramsey. It entered the left breast, penetrating the heart. He sank to the floor and was dead in five minutes. Ramsey received the second and third shots. Stewart was overpowered, disarmed and taken to jail. Ramsey is in a critical condition.

Murderous Wretches.

Flames poured out of the three-story brick building leased by A. C. Orcutt as a furniture store, at New Rochelle, N. Y. Fireman William Weisskopf burst in the door, found a clerk, Alexander Griffin, inside, bound hand and feet, and a third man, who was brought out, and while the firemen worked on the flames Griffin told his story: He said he was in bed in the rear of the store when three men entered. Two held him while one bound him securely. After that he was thrown to the floor and one man stood over him with a revolver. The other two went through the store and searched the till, and then proceeded up-stairs to the offices of lawyer C. H. Wason and Attorney D. L. Somers. Something must have frightened them, for they beat a hasty retreat. The next thing Griffin knew flames were bursting forth in the rear of the store. He dragged himself to the front door and lay there until rescued. The building was completely burned out. The family of Dr. Kull, on the top floor, barely escaped with their lives. They lost everything.

Attempt at Wracking.

An attempt was made to wreck the fast mail near Plymouth, Pa. William Cremer and John Grunps, engineer and fireman of a coal-train, detected two Hungarians acting suspiciously. The Hungarians were trying to fasten two large coupling-pins to the rail of the main track. Before they had time to finish their work the trainmen jumped from their hiding-place and arrested them. No. 4 passenger, the fastest on the road, was about due and if the Hungarians had succeeded in their design an awful wreck might have occurred. The prisoners, who gave their names as Mike Hordurich and Dennis Kull, on the top floor, barely escaped with their lives. They lost everything.

Seventeen People Lost Their Lives.

Further particulars of the burning of the steamer T. P. Leathers on the Mississippi, show the disaster to have been much greater than at first reported. Seventeen persons were either burned or drowned. Capt. Lamb says the steamer did not strike a sandbar, but was landed on the Louisiana side of the river. The Leathers' stern was aground. A gauplask was run out and the men leaped from it into the water. They had a very short distance to swim and the water was not over six feet deep, but a number were drowned in the strong current.

Those who were: A black passenger, name unknown; the McCorrister steward; Lucy Hill, chambermaid; William Jones, berthmaster; Edward Wright, cabin boy; Jack Payne, captain of the watch; Morgan, a fireman; and ten rouabouts.

# The Howling Savages.

## The Preparations to Crush the Ghost Dances and Settle the Messiah Craze on the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota Will Continue, but Two Steps Against the Indians Have as Yet Been Made.

The situation is still a delicate one and a row with the Sioux might be precipitated any day. Along the line of Wolf Creek, near the agency, the groups of Indian teepees have been growing. Nations of coffee, sugar, flour, and pork were shoveled out to the squaws, who were formed in a ragged and partially-colored line in front of the commissary building. Food has been brought the Indians in great numbers. It is estimated that 5,000 to 6,000 of the 6,000 people on the reservation are camped within sound of Uncle Sam's bugles. These who are not there are the ghost-dancing braves. The bucks are to be seen about the camps more than formerly, but the predominance of women and the absence of young warriors are still plainly marked.

There is not the slightest doubt that the ghost dance troubles on the Agency are to be settled once and for all. A long train of pack-mules marched into camp from Rushville. They were followed in the course of an hour by a troop of the Ninth Cavalry, and two more companies of the Second Infantry came in soon afterward. It is said other troops have been ordered there and that there will be from 1,000 to 1,200 soldiers at the agency prepared to enforce any order of measure of discipline against the ghost dancers.

An Ill-Fated Building.

One of the most disastrous fires that ever occurred in Montreal broke out in the high school buildings. The pupils had just left, but twenty-four boys were drilling in the top lot. They all narrowly escaped with their lives, although there were rumors that some of them had perished. The entire brigade fought the flames from every corner of vantage, but their combined efforts were futile and their attention was directed to saving the adjoining buildings. The school belonged to the Protestant School Commissioners and was the largest of its kind in Canada. It was built in 1876 at a cost of \$150,000, which together with about \$75,000 worth of books and educational apparatus, has gone up in smoke. The school was six stories high. This is the fourth time within the last six weeks that the burning of this building has been attempted only on the previous day some of the boys set fire to a lot of paper and stuffed it under the floor. The caretaker discovered it in time to save the building. The boys, it is rumored, who fired the place are known. There is only \$20,000 insurance.

Found by Some Children.

The police have recovered most of the contents of the tin box stolen recently in Chicago from the buggy of John Keller. Two officers saw a small boy playing with what appeared to be a legal document. The youngster exhibited the paper, which proved to be a deed of a \$7,000 house and lot. The lad said it was one of a lot of similar papers which he and his companions found in a tin box under the sidewalk. He willingly conducted the police to the spot and an hour's search among the children of the neighborhood brought to light a number of bonds, mortgages, notes, and deeds valued at nearly \$100,000. The documents were scattered around and some were torn to pieces by babies. It appears that about all the contents of the box except a leather wallet containing notes and a small sum of money have been recovered.

The location of the box, has in a measure confirmed existing clues to the robbers.

Five Persons Perish.

The steamboat Thomas H. Leathers, the fastest stern-wheel boat on the Mississippi River, was burned. Fire was discovered in the cotton cargo, and the boat headed for the shore at Point Breeze, Miss. Those known to have been drowned are: McManis, the steward; the first cook, named Walker; the tender, Hamilton Jones; a rouabout named Wright, all colored, and a white deck passenger, whose name is not known. The boat had 2,700 bales of cotton and 1,400 sacks of seed. It was built in 1885, and cost \$50,000. It was valued at \$70,000, and insured for \$20,000. It was the property of Capt. Thomas V. Leathers, the veteran steamboat man, and was commanded by Capt. W. W. Lamb. Boat and cargo a total loss.

Killed His Wife with a Hammer.

George Weston, an expressman, quarreled with his wife at Atchison, Kan., over the latter's alleged unfaithfulness. Weston used a hammer for a weapon and his wife used a hatchet, with which they rained blows upon each other's head and shoulders, the combat continuing for some time. Finally a blow from the husband's weapon produced a wound which rendered Mrs. Weston insensible and from the effects of which she afterwards died. Weston was badly injured, his face and head being covered with gashes. He was arrested.

MARKET REPORT.

CHICAGO.

WHEAT—Extra 1,500,700 lbs. 5.00 5.15  
Good to fancy 4,000 3.95 4.10  
Poor to medium 2,750 3.75 3.90  
COFFEE—C. 100 lbs. 22.50 23.00  
VEAL CALVES—100 lbs. 17.00 17.50  
MILK COWS—per head 18.00 18.50  
PORK—No. 2 3.00 3.10  
SHEEP—Native 2.50 2.60  
WHEAT—No. 2 spring 2.10 2.20  
WHEAT—No. 2 2.00 2.10  
OATS—No. 2 1.40 1.50  
POTATOES—per bushel 7.00 7.50  
POULTRY—Chickens, light 10 11  
Ducks 8 9  
Turkeys 10 11  
BUTTER—Choice Creamery 100 lbs. 10.00 10.50  
Low grades 9.00 9.50  
CHEESE—Full Cream 100 lbs. 9.00 9.50  
Eggs—Fresh, per dozen 10.00 10.50

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—Choice 3,000 lbs. 4.00 4.15  
Good Choice 2,500 3.75 3.90  
WHEAT—No. 2 3.50 3.65  
WHEAT—No. 3 3.00 3.15  
OATS—No. 2 1.40 1.50

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red 3.00 3.15  
OATS—No. 2 1.40 1.50  
WHEAT—No. 2, Red 3.00 3.15  
OATS—No. 2 1.40 1.50

DETROIT.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red 3.00 3.15  
OATS—No. 2 1.40 1.50  
WHEAT—No. 2, Red 3.00 3.15  
OATS—No. 2 1.40 1.50

KANSAS CITY.

WHEAT—Grain and Corn Fed 3.00 3.15  
STEEKS—Grand Range 7.00 7.50  
WHEAT—No. 2 3.00 3.15  
OATS—No. 2 1.40 1.50

A Suicide.

A young man went into the power-house of the City Railway company at Fifty-third street, Chicago, and asked of the engineer permission to look at the machinery. The engineer replied that he could look at the machinery from a distance. The visitor attempted to get close to the revolving wheels, but was prevented by the engineer. A few moments later the young man left the power-house and the sharp report of a pistol was heard. He had shot himself through the head. Nothing was found in his pockets that might lead to his identity. He was about 20 years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall, and weighed about 100 pounds.

A Chicago Man in It.

New York, Dec. 1.—The police believe that the notorious divorce mill recently discovered in operation here at 53 Broadway was a gigantic affair and that one of the proprietors lives in Chicago. Many eastern people being deceived from that quarter. Mrs. Copworth, whose husband's suit for a divorce brought about the unearthing of Gray, received several letters postmarked Chicago, when she, at the thought, was suing her husband in a bona-fide way. These are now in the hands of the district attorney.

# A DARING ROBBERY.

## RELIEVED OF MONEY PACKAGES BY A MASKED MAN.

Escape of Two Condemned Murderers—Suicide—General News—Condensed.

A Bold Head Agent.

The express-car on the west-bound train of the Georgia Pacific railroad was robbed near Indianola, Miss., and the robbers were captured next afternoon and placed in jail. Just as the train entered what is known as the bogus Chitto Swamp a large, heavy-set man with a red bandana handkerchief over his face as a mask effected an entrance into the mail-car and covered the mail agent with a big revolver. The robber told the clerk he must precede him into the express-car. Once in the express-car the robber compelled the messenger to deliver his money packages. He then backed out of the car and jumped off. The robber's haul was light, only one package containing about \$350 being secured. The agents have a good description of the robber as was possible. Next afternoon a man answering the description of the robber got on the train at a small station west of West Point, Miss. Arriving at West Point the conductor informed Agent Evans of the robbery and pointed out the man who answered the description. The fellow at once took to his heels and endeavored to get away. Several persons started out to capture him and were successful in catching him near the city limits. The fellow had been joined by a pal and both were arrested and taken to jail.

Two Condemned Murderers Escape.

Two years ago Herman Ambler, an aged farmer residing at Somerset, Pa., was brutally murdered in the presence of his family and robbed of \$33,000. Joseph and David Nicely were tried and convicted of the murder and sentenced to death. At 7 o'clock the other evening the new jail contained seven prisoners, the Nicelys and five others. At 7 o'clock four of them were gone. No definite clue has developed. Relatives of the Nicely brothers were in town, and it is believed met the escaped prisoners and conveyed them to places of safety in carriages.

Cowboys vs. Mexicans.

A courier arrived in Las Vegas, N. M., from Antonio Chiles, a small Mexican plaza twenty-five miles distant, having made the ride in a little over an hour. His horse fell from exhaustion just in the outskirts of the city. The courier hastened to the sheriff's office and gave the information that a running fight had just taken place between fifteen or twenty cowboys and double as many Mexicans, in which over 600 shots were exchanged, resulting in the death and wounding of several on both sides. The courier made his remarkable ride for officers.

Killed by an Explosion.

While some workmen were engaged in cutting a channel through rock in Lockport, N. Y., for a sewer, they placed several sticks of dynamite on the top of a portable boiler, employed to furnish steam for the drill, to thaw it out.

A terrible explosion followed, wrecking the engine and shattering the windows of dwellings in the vicinity. One of the heavy wheels of the engine was driven with such force against Ed Mangum, a laborer, that he was instantly killed. He was unmarried and about 25 years of age.

Wild Flight Down a Steep Grade.

A freight-train on the Spokane branch of the Union Pacific was wrecked near Hays, Nebr. The train was going down a steep grade and lost control. After running at a fearful rate of speed for some distance the engine and a number of cars left the track. The engineer and fireman and one brakeman were instantly killed. J. E. Lecher was the name of the brakeman killed, but the names of engineer and fireman could not be learned. J. E. Cameron, a brakeman, was fatally injured.

One Murdered, One Fell Dead.

Thomas Mann, a police officer, and Martin Kane, a hack driver, became involved in a quarrel in Louisville, Ky., about the pending mayoralty election. Kane assaulted the policeman, took the latter's club from him and used it on the officer. Mann followed Kane into a saloon, where he had fled, and shot him, inflicting a fatal wound. Mann then surrendered to Officer Birch Huff. On their way to the station-house Huff dropped dead on the street, and Mann proceeded to police headquarters and gave himself up.

She Blew Off His Head.

For some time a woman named Davis, crippled, blind, and slightly demented, has been living near Caddo, I. T., with a man whose name she refuses to disclose. The couple had never married, and the woman demanded that the man have the ceremony performed, threatening him with death if he refused. The man picked up a stick and began beating her with it. Suddenly she broke away, seized a shotgun, and fired at close range, blowing off the man's head. The woman was arrested and taken to Paris, Tex.

RED CLOUD'S ORIGIN.

The Noted Chief of the Sioux Nation When a Child from White Parents.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 1.—A prominent lady in this city is the sister of Red Cloud, Sitting Bull's right hand man, and tells a romantic story concerning her brother's career. When three years old he was stolen from his parents, who then resided in Wisconsin on an Indian reservation in the northern part of the State, and all track of him was lost for eighteen years, when he was found among the red men, having been brought up by them. He had forgotten his own name, but remembered that of his father and his dogs, and his identification was complete. He remained with his family for a few weeks, speaking English imperfectly and French fluently, but all his sympathies were with his adopted tribe, and he rejoined the Sioux as the priest of his parents and brothers and sisters, and has since then been to all intents and purposes a semi-savage.

A Chicago Man in It.

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## WHERE SHE COMES.

With heavy elders overhung,  
Half hid in clover masses,  
An old fence ramble on, among  
The tangled meadow grasses,  
It makes a shade for lady fern  
Which nestles close beside it;  
While elements, at every turn,  
And roses almost hide it.

In shade of overhanging sprays  
And down a sunny hollow,  
By hazel copse, and woodland ways,  
The winding fence I follow,  
By rose and thorn and fragrant dew,  
In search of something sweeter—  
The orchard gap, where she comes through,  
And I go down to meet her!

The sunlight slants along the fence,  
Where hickory gray it over,  
And stir a languid dreamy scent  
From fern and mint and clover;  
But though the air is sweet to-day  
I know of something sweeter,  
That she can only come this way,  
And I am sure to meet her.

And so, while chipmunks ran a match  
To tell the wrens who's coming,  
And all across the better path  
There sounds a drowsy humming—  
The hum of honey seeking bees—  
I seek for something sweeter,  
A gap amongst the apple trees,  
Where I am going to meet her!

—Charles B. Going in Scribner's.

## A SPECTRE HELMSMAN.

N the summer of 1839 the ship Vulcan, under the command of Capt. Isaac Johnson, was on her homeward bound passage from the Indies with half a cargo of tea, and she stopped at Cape Negro, on the coast of Benguela, after a lot of ivory to make up her load. Having gone on shore the Cape the captain learned from the native contractor that he would have to go some fifteen miles up the Cannibal's river, as the elephant hunters had all the boats further up in the country, so that consequently they had not been enabled to bring the ivory down.

Capt. Johnson was somewhat disappointed at this cause for delay, but without waiting to find useless fault he determined to man his own boats and proceed at once up the river. It required four trips to bring all the ivory down, but as they had opportunity to take advantage of the slight tides the task was accomplished in four days. On the last trip the captain went himself, leaving the first mate in charge of the ship, and on arriving at the small village where the ivory was stored he was not a little surprised to find that nearly all the miserable huts were deserted. Several times Capt. Johnson inquired the meaning of this, but the natives were either unable or unwilling to give any plain answer, and it was not until the last lot of tusks had been conveyed to the boats and the natives had been remunerated for their labor that the least clue could be obtained as to the cause of this strange desertion, and then for the first time the captain received the startling intelligence that the cholera was sweeping down the river!

As soon as the fact became known to the seamen they wildly huddled into their boats, as though the fearful death angel was at their heels, and silently, yet with powerful strokes, they pulled down the fatal stream. At length they reached their ship, and though they breathed somewhat more freely as they trod their own deck, yet each countenance bore the stamp of deep fear. The ivory was soon got on board, and with all haste the old Vulcan was got under way. It was nearly night when the ship got off, and with a good breeze from the northward and eastward she stood well on her course. On the next morning, shortly after breakfast, and while the crew had begun to think that they had no occasion for further fear, a young man named Walter Addison was taken suddenly sick.

Young Addison was the favorite both of the officers and the crew, and as it was reported that he was thus ill a general consternation seized upon all hands. The young man felt at first a giddiness and a sickly chill, and in the course of two hours he sank into an alarming debility, the countenance assuming a deadly paleness and his skin bearing all the appearance of a corpse. Poor Addison suffered till noon, and then the startling announcement went through the ship that he was dead.

This was the first, but who should be the next? A panic had seized upon the men; the cholera was with them, and none dared remove the form of their dead shipmate from his berth. Night approached, and with it came an almost dead calm, but the corpse still remained in the forecastle, nor did the men dare to go thither. The captain urged that the longer presence of the body would breed more dangerous contagion, but the only answer he received was a mournful shake of the heads about him.

At length, finding that all arguments were useless, he turned to his mate and asked him if he would assist himself in throwing the body of the dead man overboard. The mate at first hesitated, but in a moment he signified his consent, and together himself and the captain went down

into the forecastle. They dared not remain long enough with the corpse to sew it up, nor even to attach it to a single blanket, but throwing over it a single blanket, they managed to get it upon deck and lay it across the bulwark of the starboard bow. A moment Capt. Johnson hesitated—he opened his lips, breathed a prayer for the soul of the departed, and then, while a shudder ran over his frame, he let the cold form of Walter Addison slide into the blue water! Instinctively he cast his eyes over the side as the deed was done, and by the pale phosphorescent light he could just see the corpse sink, then rise and sink again, and then with a heavy step and still heavier heart he walked aft.

The first watch had been set, but the other watch dared not go below, and huddling themselves beneath the long boat they sought the repose which they feared to seek where their companion had died; but each seemed to fear his neighbor, for none knew where the contagion might be. At 11 o'clock the slight breathings of the air, which seemed for the last few hours to have had no settled point, began to gather more force from the northward and westward, and ere long a good fresh breeze filled the ship's canvases and started her through the water. The wind continued to increase, and before midnight all hands were called to take in the topgallantsails. At 12 o'clock the mid watch was set, and all hands were for a few moments brought in contact with each other. No further symptoms of the dreaded pestilence had appeared, and they began to take hope.

It was half past 12 o'clock. An old seaman named Bill Shippen had the helm, while the remainder of the watch were either in the gangway or else forward. The wind continued fresh, but yet steady and the old ship was close hauled upon it, lying some two points off from her true course. The ship's bell was suspended over the binnacle, and old Shippen reached over and struck the first half hour after midnight. He had just resumed his position, and was gazing intently at the compass, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and on turning around he beheld by the struggling beams of the binnacle lamp the pale, deathly features of Walter Addison!

For an instant the old sailor remained rooted to the spot, and then, uttering a sharp cry of fear, he let go the wheel and darted forward. In a moment the ship began to fall off, and as she brought the flat surface of broad canvas to the wind she heeled over alarmingly; but soon the pale specter that had frightened the helmsman from his post caught the wheel, and laid the helm hard down, and ere long the ship was once more to the wind.

Shippen's cry had started all hands from their listlessness, for they thought the cholera fiend had assailed him, but from his broken ejaculations they soon learned what was the matter, and in a body they crowded aft, and by the dim light from the binnacle they saw the specter helmsman! Every knee trembled, and every tongue clove to the roof of its mouth. None dared to approach him, nor did any move back. At this juncture the captain came on deck. His eye caught the corpse like form that still held the wheel, and he, too, was riveted to the spot where he stood.

"Shipmates, relieve me from here, or I shall faint. I am cold and weak!" at length came from the lips of the seeming specter, in faint, agonized tones.

Capt. Johnson hesitated an instant, and then he rushed forward and laid his hand upon the trembling form before him. It was cold and wet, but he knew that it was a living man. One after another of the men gathered about, and before long all knew that young Walter Addison still lived. The captain had him conveyed to the cabin, where everything that could be thought of was administered for his comfort, and it was not long before he sufficiently revived to give an account of his strange escape from the cold, deep grave to which he had been consigned.

It seemed that young Addison had fallen into that deathlike lethargy which not infrequently results from sudden cholera, and which, as all who are acquainted with the disease must be aware, so nearly resembles death that even the best physicians have been deceived by it. The sudden immersion in the cold water had revived his dormant senses, and as the ship had but a slight motion at the time he came to a partial realization of his situation before she had passed him, and by considerable exertion he managed to get a hold on the rudder chains. He tried to call for assistance, but his tongue was so swollen that he found it impossible, and after remaining upon the chains long enough to regain more strength he worked his way up till he got hold of the lanyards of the cabin dead lights.

From thence he reached the lashings of the stern boat, but here weakness again overpowered him, and after working his way into the boat he remained some time insensible, but at length he revived and came on board. He had tried to speak but he could not. When the helmsman fed from the wheel he had sense enough to see the ship's danger, and from the impulse of a sort of instinct he seized the wheel and brought her up to the wind.

The morning dawned, and the next day passed, then another, and another, but the death fiend came not again! He had lost his first intended victim and he left the ship in peace.—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

## SITKA'S ATTRACTIONS.

### RUSSIAN RELICS AND AN HISTORIC RUSSIAN GHOST.

Dullness and Decay Under American Rule—This Season's Army of Explorers and Scientists in the Alaskan Regions—The Greek Church.

Sitka clings fondly to every relic of Russian rule, and the days when the double-headed eagle protected it were the golden, good old days to which the oldest inhabitants feelingly revert. Traditions, romances, ghosts and fine tragedies of living have descended from that time, and with their Muscovite favors are eagerly accepted by visitors and newcomers. American rule has added nothing of that kind. Dullness, neglect, misrule and decay having been its portion since it became United States territory. The chief attraction of the old castle is the regulation ghost which it claims, and as no one wants to discredit or do away with the idea that the swish of ghostly garments can be heard at midnight and blood-curdling sighs and shrieks from the floating embodiment of a Lucia di Lammermoor sort of a lady, who had an unhappy wedding in the castle.

The Greek Church is a much more real and tangibly Russian relic, and under its weather beaten dome and steeple the handful of Russian residents gather for their church services and pray for the Emperor of holy Russia. Many of the rich vestments and altar ornaments of the old days remain, although at one time nearly everything of value was taken down to the San Francisco church and the Sitka church seemed to be on the point of abandonment. Its fortunes have revived of late and the Russian government, which supports the Jew Orthodox Greek churches in America, has taken a new interest in the Alaskan churches. The Sitka church is as much of a show place, visited by even more sightseers than the rich chapel in the Rue Daru at Paris. A considerable revenue comes to the church each day that a tourist steamer is in port from the fees charged on week days to those who wish to see the pictures, treasures and vestments in the sacristy. It is very rarely that a steamer happens in on Sunday, that visitors may hear the chanted service, follow the imposing ritual of the old faith, otherwise the stranger must content himself with the simpler daily vesper service in the chapel of the priests' house, and carry away with him photographs of the picturesque exterior, of the rich bronze chancel doors, of the many icons and fine old lamps in the church.

Appealing less to the imagination and one's sense of romance and picturesqueness is the establishment of the Presbyterian Mission Board, housed in a little colony of buildings further out on a curve of the bay. Starting as a small mission school a few years since, the board has seen it grow into a large home and industrial school for Indian children. By magnificent gifts from many private donors, by government aid and the board's regular support the institution has been able to grow rapidly on with its work, and with suitable buildings it has gathered the Indian children in, taught and trained them and prepared them to be intelligent and useful citizens. In the classrooms and the workshops the Indian children show a wonderful aptitude and cleverness, and one can believe all that he hears of Thlinket superiority and ability after seeing what a few years' training can do with the young Indian. A brass band and a baseball club diversify the more solid branches and useful accomplishments taught them, and this particular set of Sitka rings with the enthusiastic playing and practicing of the musical and athletic boys. The mission has built for itself a museum building and it is rapidly acquiring a fine collection of Indian works and relics, specimens from sea forest and mine and constituting itself a repository for all that is historic and interesting concerning the Territory. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who is in charge of the Alaska missions, is agent of the bureau of education, has been absent for some weeks on a tour of inspection in the Aleutian Islands, and Rev. and Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Kelley, who are in charge of the school, with their staff of teachers admirably do the honors to the score of interested visitors, which each steamer brings.

At the extreme other end of the town lies the Indian rancheria, which is now the peaceable, prosaic sort of a place, so clean, so well built and so eminently well kept and well behaved that there is little of traditional aborigine flavor and picturesqueness left it. The houses are large, square buildings of rough hewn planks, with one door leading to the interior, which is usually all one large living room with a square fire-place in the center with the smoke expected to go out through a hole in the roof overhead. Usually the smoke lingers and one sees dimly the groups of people around the rooms, the stores of furs and seal oil and the strings of dried salmon overhead. The Sitka Indians have all been off for some time catching their winter supply of salmon, and the rancheria is quieter than usual. The stay-at-homes are those busy with the curio trade, and they are really an industrious lot to judge from. They carve, hammer and work to be ready

for each ship load of enthusiastic purchasers. Many have made tidy fortunes in curios and trade, and announced it not by totem poles and great potlatches or feasts, as in olden times, but by giving their house a coat of gay paint, adding a bay window or a balcony. The silversmith is the busiest man in the community, works to midnight and beyond, and delivers his spoons and bracelets to the anxious tourists at any unearthly hour that he may finish them. The craze for collecting spoons has finally reached westward and northward to Alaska, and the summer visitors gather up horn spoons and wooden spoons of the native style and stimulate the Indian silversmiths to hammering out spoons that are neither Indian nor wholly European, nor much of anything in design. Left to themselves and their own ideas the Indians will repeat in silver the same designs they have always used in shaping and ornamenting the spoons of musk ox or mountain goat. Some of these silver spoons are quite unique, and belong very properly to a collection of spoons, but the common fiddle-shaped, electro-plate teaspoon, made in a Connecticut factory and merely etched over with totemic designs is the trophy carried off in greatest numbers by the summer tourist.

### CRUEL EMPRESS CATHARINE.

A Smile at Her Expense Which Cost a Young Officer Life and Happiness.

The Veritins were nobles of enormous wealth and power. Paul held a high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in a quadrille opposite the Empress Catharine.

As she passed him in the dance she fancied that his eyes scanned her gross figure in a covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and with a smile handed him her ivory tables, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first was written:

"The imperial ball room, St. Petersburg."

On the last:

"The mines, Siberia."

He read it; his face grew gray as that of a corpse; he bowed low, kissed her hand and withdrew, "taking," says the old chronicle, "his wife, the beautiful Princess of Novgorod, with him." He was heard to say as he left the ball room:

"My minutes are numbered, let us not lose one."

Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of Catharine on her victim was inexorable as death. Prince Veritin was forced to remain passive in his palace, while each day the power, the wealth and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him.

First he was degraded from all his offices at court; next his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him and he was given that of a serf. Then his wife and children were taken out of the palace to herd with beggars.

"The last day," says the record, "Paul Veritin, in rags and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade an eternal farewell to his home, and departed to the dark and icy north. He was seen of men no more."—Chatter.

### A Lock of Lincoln's Hair.

"I suppose," said Mr. Florence, reflectively, as he drew another relic from the silver casket, "that two thousand years from now some one into whose hands this relic will have fallen will hear exclamations of mocking unbelief when he exhibits this lock of Abraham Lincoln's hair. Yes, this is a lock of the dear old martyr's hair. I cut it myself from his forehead in Indianapolis before he was laid in state in that city. It happened in this wise: The embalmer, Charles Brown, was a friend of mine, and asked me to accompany him to the baggage car in which the body lay. I was glad of the opportunity to see the President's face away from a crowd, and so accepted Mr. Brown's invitation. I was profoundly affected when I looked upon that changed face and begged Mr. Brown's permission to cut a lock of his hair. 'This he gave, and with my knife I severed this little lock, which is to me a priceless souvenir of a great and good man. But in the centuries coming there will be plenty of skeptics to laugh at it and say it's not possible that a lock of Lincoln's hair could have been so handed down. But we know that it is possible, and if it is possible in one case why not in another?'"

### Not the Same.

A thin, nervous looking man stepped up to the pastor as the latter came down from the pulpit.

"You have had a good deal to say this morning," he observed, "about a fellow that killed a man in megal Abol."

"Certainly," replied the pastor, "The Sin of Cain was the subject of my discourse."

"I wish't you'd do me the favor next Sunday," said the thin man, in some excitement, "to tell the folks that the man you was talking about this morning ain't no relation to the Kane that keeps a livery stable down by the grist mill. I don't want none of my friends to think that I had a hand in that killing. That's all. Good day."

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## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

### ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ITEMS FOR THE RISING GENERATION.

The Mountain Beaver—Pis for Sixteen Boys—Interesting Matter for Boys and Girls.

A Queer Boy.  
He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes," but the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.  
Let it be about Indians, Pirates, or Bears. And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs.  
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.  
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "lured as a hound."  
Very weary of life, and of "tramping around."  
But if there's a band, or a circus in sight, He will follow it gladly from morning till night.

The showman will capture him, some day, I fear.  
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split."  
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit."  
But mention base-ball, and he's cured very soon.  
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.  
Do you think he "play possum?" He seems quite sincere.  
But— isn't that queer.  
—W. H. S., in St. Nicholas.

### The Mountain Beaver.

No animal is at more pains to have a dry place to live in, and none live on coarser fare or show so much plainness and industry. His sagacity and intelligence are proverbial. An example came under my notice while trout fishing on a mountain stream a few years ago. A young man noticed a fresh beaver dam near the house and coaxed me to help him trap a beaver.

The dam was of mud and elder brush and ran across the creek, some five yards at that point, with perpendicular banks and bordered on each side with dry land used as pasture. We broke out one end of the dam by an hour's hard work, and set our trap, using a large green alder bush for a stake, which we forced into the mud in the pond as far as the chain would permit. The next morning we found that the break in the dam had been carefully repaired and our trap with the stake was woven into the very bottom of the break. The repairs were so well done that it took us about an hour to recover the trap; and we reset it in another place. The same result followed for five nights in succession. On the sixth night the dam was repaired as usual, but about the middle of the dam was a semi-circular groove cut through the well-packed bushes and mud forming the top, true and smooth as no man could do it, and lowering the water in the pond some six or eight inches. Of course, by so much it relieved the pressure of the dam. The beaver concluded the dam was too high for the strength of his material (though the young man and myself know the fact to be decidedly otherwise) and he made the pressure less in the safest way. The trap cut no figure in the experiment beyond its being attached to the fine green alder bush, just what the beaver needed to repair with, and so he dug it up every night and dragged it with the trap to the break; and it was the first and easiest material he could get hold of to help make his repairs; the other bushes which he needed to cut for repairs to the dam grew at quite a distance from the creek.

Above the dam on this creek are meadows and a gentleman in hunting grouse was walking over them and was startled at the sight of an animal coming toward him in a path leading through the tall grass that appeared like a little old man. On a better view he concluded it was not human and shot it. The animal turned out to be a very old gray-bearded beaver, which had lost both of his forefeet by steel traps, and was now walking on his hind feet and carrying a few sticks in his stumps of arms and evidently trying to provide for his future subsistence. Intelligent as beavers are they could be domesticated no animal would attract greater interest. The instinct for dam building might make him troublesome. But the object of that labor is to protect the entrance to his home from his enemies and to provide a place for his winter's supply of food, where he can use it in safety and below the reach of ice. When the necessity no longer exists for his protection, in a generation or two, it is likely there would no longer be the desire for dam building.—*Forest and Stream.*

### Attacked by Bears and Wildcats.

The telegraph operator at the tunnel, about eight miles above Penn Haven Junction, Pa., on the Lehigh Valley railroad, had a remarkable and thrilling experience the other night. It is a lonely place. There is not a dwelling for over two miles, the nearest one being at Mud Run, where an awful railroad disaster occurred two years ago. On either side of the railroad the mountains stretch away for miles, covered by dense forests. The operator in the little cabin built for him hardly ever sees a human face except on the passing trains.

For a long time no one could be induced to stay there long, but six months ago Edward Smith from New York City took the place and held it until lately. He has often seen many bears and wildcats around, and of late they have grown bold. On a recent night he was awakened by a sound outside the cabin, and on looking out saw two bears attempting to get in. He shouted and beat the door to frighten them away, but they repelled with fierce growls redoubled their effort to enter. His fear was increased when a third bear and several wildcats joined the two bears outside, and they renewed their efforts to get in. Smith in great alarm tried to call up

the operator at Mud Run to ask for help, but could get no answer. Meanwhile one of the bears had got on the roof and was tearing off the shingles. Another one broke the window glass and thrust in his head. Smith sprang back, and, seizing a heavy bar, struck the bear with all his might and the animal withdrew for a while, but they soon renewed the attack. At last Mud Run answered and Smith told the operator to send help down on the first train or he would be a dead man. He did so, and the train reached the scene just in time. The bears had torn all the shingles off and were forcing their way through the rafters when the approaching train frightened them off. Smith got on board the train and started for his home in New York.

Pis for Sixteen Boys.  
There is a pishop in London that Charles Dickens used to stand before when, as a child, he trudged in a blacking factory. Every day, on his way to and from work, he paused to devour the vinals with his eyes, and sometimes, as he said, he pressed his tongue to the window panes, as if by doing that he got a little bit of a taste of the good things that lay so near, yet were so far beyond his reach. An American railroad man, who admires Dickens, hunted up this pishop when he was recently in London in order to gratify sentiment and curiosity. It proved to be a mere box of a place, in a poor quarter of the city, but the original business was still conducted there, and pastry of doubtful aspect and uncertain age still occupied the window. As the traveler peered into the shadowy interior a voice piped at his elbow: "Please, sir, will you buy me a weal pie?"

The owner of the voice was a small, disheveled person, with whom a weal pie or any other kind would have agreed right well, and he made his request from motives of undoubted and strenuous personal interest. The American replied, as Americans do sometimes, with another question: "How many boys do you suppose that shop could hold?"

"I dunno. About fifteen or sixteen, I should think."

"Well, you go and get fifteen more boys, and bring them back here." The boy studied the man's face for a moment, as if to make sure that he was in the enjoyment of his senses, then hurried himself into a side street with a yell. Hardly a minute elapsed before he returned, the head of a procession of sixteen gamins, assorted as to size and clothing, unanimous in appetite and hope. This ragged battalion assembled close behind the benefactor and followed him precipitately into the shop when he announced that he was going to give them all the pie they wanted. For a quarter of an hour the astonished baker handed over "weal an' am" pies, hand over hand, to the sixteen astonished youths of London, while the American sat down and watched the scene with hardly less astonishment. Few words were spoken, and the onslaught was as fierce and persistent while it lasted as the charge at Tel-el-Kebir. The exhaustion of the supplies brought the banquet to an end, and the traveler paid the score, thinking it little to pay in view of the fun he had had, while the boys tumbled into the streets, cheering feebly on account of their gorged condition, and went to spread the news of this miracle through the lanes of London.

### The Smallest Nation.

About ten leagues from Oleron, in the Department of the Lower Pyrenees, lies the hamlet of Goust, situated on the summit of a high mountain. It consists only of a few scattered cottages, with a population of about a hundred persons, forming an industrious and thriving community who support themselves by wool and silk weaving. Belonging neither to France nor Spain, the hamlet constitutes a small independent State, under the government of a council of aldermen, whose collective wisdom has the force of law. No rates nor taxes of any description are paid, for the republic of Goust possesses neither a salaried clergyman nor a mayor, nor any other officials. In the neighboring parish of Laurens, their children are baptized, the citizens married and their dead buried. The cemetery of Laurens adjoins the boundary of Goust and the coffin with its occupant is made to slide down a channel specially dug out for the purpose, as the only road leading to Laurens is so steep as to be impracticable for the conveyance of heavy burdens on men's shoulders. The citizens of the republic attain a great age and a goodly number of both sexes are centenarians. The young men, as a rule, get their wives from abroad, chiefly from the Ossan Valley, near Laurens. For centuries past the population has remained stationary, and their manners, customs and traditions have been preserved with remarkable fidelity. No one in this little State can be regarded as rich or poor, mean or respectable, or as occupying the position of master or servant. The tiny republic has a language of its own, a cross between French and Spanish.

### A Shrewd Youngster.

"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ella last night, and nobody told me either."

"Well, then, what is it, Bobby?"

"Why, George Dont. I heard her say George Dont, in the parlor four or five times hand running. That's what his name is."—*N. Y. Magazine.*

### Disproved at Once.

Ho—"I begin to think that you prefer Jack Armstrong to me."

She—"Oh, you might know that that is impossible. Why, he hasn't a cent to his name."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

## WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

### DAILY LIFE OF WOMEN OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

A Samoan Cooking Stove and the Boiling Basket of Alaska—Curious Utensils in Turkey—How the Girls of Siam, Egypt and India Clean Their Clothes.

I have spent this week among the housewives of the world, says a Washington correspondent. The National museum has cooking utensils of every nation and every tribe, and you may see within it how women wash and iron, boil and bake, stew and steam all the world over. A picture of a Samoan kitchen has just been received and there are complete outfits of Japanese and Chinese houses, with models of the women working away within them. The Samoan range is a hole in ground, and the cooking is done with red hot stones. When the people want a feast they dig a hole in the ground as big as a cider barrel, fill it full of wood and cover it with stones. They light the wood and when the stones are red hot they pull them off to one side and clean out the hole. They then put a layer of the hot stones in the bottom of it, and upon this layer bananas, chickens and vegetables wrapped in leaves are laid. Another layer of red hot stones put on top and on this is another layer of eatables and so on till the hole is filled. Upon the top a fire is built and the whole steams and cooks away until the lightly dressed Samoan lady pronounces the dinner cooked. It is said to be a feast for a king.

The Alaskans also cook with stones, and there are boiling and baking baskets in the museum brought from the Esquimaux. The boiling baskets are of coarse waterproof, and the water is heated by dropping red hot stones into them. They are of about the size of a peck measure and are as beautiful as any fancy work basket you will find in the United States. The baking baskets are a little larger. The food is put into them and is roasted by hot stones being rolled around over them. The shaking of the basket keeps it from burning and the people get fat upon such food. Among some of the tribes a small cast iron stove has been lately introduced. It stands in the center of the room and the fuel is often made of seal oil. The chief food is fish and the kindling is grass. The women are the wood cutters of the family, but they are the wash women only so far as their own clothes are concerned. Every man in Alaska washes his own clothes and ironing is practically unknown.

Every nation washes its dirty clothes differently from every other nation. The hardest worked washerwomen of the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands and lunas such as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they could come up to his neck, like those of a clown, they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water, and often in running streams, and there is here in the museum a Korean ironing board and irons. The board is nothing but a block of wood and the irons are two paddles. The clothes are laid on the wood and are pounded with these paddles until they shine like a shirt bosom fresh from a Chinese laundry. The best dressed people in Korea are the men. They wear the most delicate colored gowns of cotton and silk, of red, light blue, pink and green, and it takes a woman half her time to do the washing. You hear this pounding going on day and night in any Korean town, and it is one of the queerest characteristics of the Korean people. The Japanese rip their clothes apart for every washing and they iron their clothes by spreading them out on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her wash tub is not more than six inches high and is about as big round as the average dish-pan. She has never heard of a wash board and she gets the dirt out of the clothes by rubbing them to and from between her hands. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease and she works away in her bare feet. If the weather is warm she will pull her clothes down to her wrist and will feel no shame though the street be full of people. No bluing is used and as for boiling out the dirt in a tin boiler this is unknown. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way save there is not so much publicity about it, and the pretty short-haired beauties of Siam wear their gowns on them into the big river and wash them while taking their bath. When they get through they trot up the steps of their floating houses and wrapping a clean sheet around their bodies they slip off the wet clothes from under it and wring them out to dry. Many of the Indian girls bathe in the same way in the Ganges and the washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerman stands naked on the banks of the Nile and slaps the wet clothes with a nase like the shot of a pistol on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such fellow women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way. The Scotch girls tramp the dirt out of the washing with their shapely feet, tucking their dresses up above the

knees as they tread the suds, and the French women pound the dirt out with paddles, often slapping the clothes upon stones as the Egyptians.

### MONSIEUR TONSON AGAIN.

The Real Sea Serpent This Time and No More About It.

Capt. Jim Emmons shoved his boat through the surf and started to sea a few days ago to fish, says a Long Branch letter. At about 6:15 a. m., while anchored about half a mile from shore between Hooy's Hollywood pier and "Tackanasee" Lake, he had an experience which left an impression on his mind that haunts him yet.

Looking toward the shore he saw something rise out of the water. At first he thought it was a sturgeon, but it kept rising taller and taller until he plainly saw about twelve feet of the head and neck of some monster of the deep. The head was decidedly snake-like. It was black, the neck just back of the head being about the thickness of a telegraph pole.

The monster looked around, as if getting its bearings, and then disappeared beneath the water. As it went down the body was plainly visible. The captain watched for it to show itself again.

A short distance off the snake's head and neck appeared above water. This time the neck was bent backward toward the body, and the head was curved short, something like a swan's when sailing. It was swimming south broadside to the heavy ground swell. Capt. Emmons had a good view of the immense black body as it rose and fell on the seas. He describes it as looking a like scissor bottom-side up.

The captain did not fish any more that day alone in a small boat. He wanted to go ashore, but was afraid if he moved he would attract the sea monster's attention. At last, evidently finding itself too near shore, it again disappeared, going to the southward.

Capt. Emmons says the strange animal looks like the pictures of the extinct plesiosaurs.

Capt. Emmons is not troubled with impaired vision, neither is he of an imaginative mind. He is a well-known gentleman. He was formerly captain of Norman L. Munro's fast steam yacht Henrietta.

### "Young Jack" Astor.

"Young Jack," as he is called, is the only one of the family who has ever shown any disposition to be top-plish or frivolous and brisk. The sturdy old Dutch blood of the Astors is probably becoming more or less diluted by marriage with more volatile Americans, and this may result in producing an Astor in a generation or two who will forget the iron-clad traditions of his family and make the town hum after the fashion of other young men of great millionaire houses. They are a serious and an intensely respectable family, and their influence on New York society has always been beneficial. But at the best it cannot be said that the Astors are gay. "Young Jack," who is about six feet high and exceedingly nervous in manner, is a bit off the line of succession. The sons of William Waldorf Astor will inherit the bulk of the great estate. Perhaps it is the realization of this that makes "Young Jack" feel like fighting occasionally, and encourages him to play boyish pranks at Newport and Lenox. He will not have the impressive monetary responsibility of his cousin, as it is not at all likely that he will have more than a beggarly hundred million or so to struggle along with in life after the next shake up of the big estate.—*New York World.*

### A Literary Conversation.

A charming debutante met a distinguished lawyer at a reception and was much flattered when he asked leave to call upon her the next evening.

He went on making herself agreeable she consulted with her girl friends respecting his likes and dislikes, his hobbies, etc.

"Oh, I'm nearly scared to death," she confessed to one sympathetic maiden. "They say he's so awfully smart, and I'm certain I won't talk well enough to please him. Now, you've known him a long time. Do tell me what subjects to discuss so I can run home and get ready for him."

"Well," suggested the kind-hearted friend, "literature is his fad, so you can't go wrong if you turn the conversation in that channel." Having secured this valuable information Miss Budd hurried home comforted and devoted the rest of the day to reading.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the young lawyer was ushered in the drawing room, where he found Miss Budd (thoroughly posted in literature) awaiting him.

"Wasn't it a delightful reception we attended last evening?" he asked by way of opening the conversation.

"Oh, yes," was the enthusiastic response, "but wasn't that sad about poor Mary Queen of Scots? They cut her head off, you know."

I regret to state that neither history nor the young lawyer has recorded the rest of this very literary conversation.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

### Where She Draws the Line.

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity, but she wouldn't wear a hat that was out of style to save the government.—*Ram's Hora.*

## NEW YORK FASHION NOTES.

Occasion—ther caps are the latest agony. They come in yacht, reifer, canoe, and the club styles, and are as soft and dainty as doilies.

Ladies' suede sixteen-button gloves come in tans, modes, grays, pearl, and ivory. They are of the finest quality of kid, and are heavily perfumed.

The gray and pale-brown homeopins and sorces are being put in shape for the summer's outing in the country. With small open jackets, lined with bright silk, the dresses appear very becoming.

Mantelets of black lace are much worn. Some are in jacket form, closely fitting, with bands of jet embroidery down the back and a cascade of lace in front, with jet on either side; jet fringes edge the long sleeves of lace.

The glads are making a brilliant show on the promenades, being much worn by both old and young. A green and gray plaid made quite a sensation. It had panels cut bias. The gray square in the plaid was matched by the sash.

A great many dresses are now being made up from prints of old dresses. Some novel effects are produced, and it must be confessed that it surprises one to come suddenly upon one of these antique costumes upon the street.

The accordion skirts occasion their wearers much disquietude when they flatten and spread, but, nevertheless, they continue in favor and may be said to be growing in popularity. The effect, when they are at their best, is certainly very charming.

Garden parties are already on the tapis, although a reasonable sense of the danger of the dourieux and neuralgias should debar ladies from participating in them till the end of May. The dresses for these parties are of soft material and embrace pongees, foulards, taffetas, and failles.

Jerseys are being looked up for the yachting, tennis, and dress parties of the season. The spring forms are tempting. The jerseys for boating have deep marine collars, spreading reverse, and wide sailor tie. They present an easy look, but fit closely. Jerseys will certainly be more popular than ever.

In fans the finest quality are in satin. They are hand-painted in designs of wild roses, buds, forget-me-nots, and are in most beautiful shades—cardinals, saff, cream, pink, blue, and black. The finest quality of tulle fans are delicately painted by hand in flowered designs, in blue, pink, beige, cream, or cardinal.

Table linen shows some changes. Threads of silk are woven in the damask. When a gold-colored thread is run through white damask the effect is peculiarly bright and rich, and delights the housewife with the consciousness that the pleasure she feels is shared by her guests. Very elaborate table scarfs are the rule. They are embroidered in threecolor patterns with hemstitch borders.

The new turn-over, fold-up parasols are quite the style. The parasols match the French gingham, and for persons in morning are grain parasols trimmed with crepe are the thing. On some parasols there are deep lace frills on the edge, and quite often considerable puffing. The variety is indeed almost bewildering, as there are accordion-plated frills, ribbon-woven borders, damask-edged insertion points, extending halfway down from the top. In handles the London club stick, short and thick, is popular, but the longer, lighter sticks, handsomely carved, are much prettier.

In carpets, body Brussels are chiefly in light and medium colors. The patterns are old French, in flowers and set patterns; soft monotone tints, with but little contrast of color are preferred. Fine, rich colors prevail in hall and stair carpets, filling the halls with a ruddy glow. Soft moquette flower effects come and French patterns and colorings appear in the velvets, which are the most durable, and comparatively the most inexpensive. Administrators come in delicate pearl and cream ground, with faint flower designs. The plain Wiltons are always in demand. They come in shades of terra-cotta, Roman reds, blues, drabs, olives, and gold. Five-eighths borders, in contrasting colors, are favorites.

### KANSAN PHILOSOPHY.

There are some fools that a fish diet won't save.

There are so many things to admire in the people who admire us.

The desire to get even was the first acknowledgement of failure.

When everything else fails a man ho still has his vanity to fall back on.

Poverty never travels in the wake of the man who minds his own affairs.

If our sins were only as unobtrusive as the goodness of others is obtrusive.

You can flatter the worst idler on earth by telling him he is working too hard.

Some letters are anonymous even when the authors' names are signed to them.

The possibility of being found out is the greatest moral agent, when you get right down to facts.

It makes no difference what a man's first impulse is in an argument with a woman, his last is to run.

The trouble of it is that if you stop trying to make friends you are beginning to make enemies.

Looking before you leap means to count the friends of a man's friend's before telling him your secret.

There is one thing you can always depend upon and that is that you can never depend upon others.

Too much religion is as dangerous to a man's welfare as too little religion is to the welfare of a community.

All that you need to do is to give some people time and they will vindicate your judgment by making fools of themselves.

There probably never was a woman who could argue without getting mad, or a man who could get mad without beginning to argue.

How natural it is to hate the people whose only comment when you do one good thing, is that you said you were going to do so.

The trouble with doing a good thing to-day is that people will say that you are going backward if you do not do a better thing to-morrow.

## AMONG THE CYCLERS.

Chicago now has fifteen regularly organized cycling clubs, the largest number of any city in America.

Prof. Carl Meyer has recently invented an air bicycle, which he claims will solve the question of aerial navigation.

There will be a great tour from Detroit to the L. A. W. meet at Niagara under the management of C. H. Smith of Detroit.

The Washington Cycling Club summer road-book is in the hands of the printer, and will be a handsome and useful book for cyclists. Every league wheelmen in the State will be supplied with a copy free.

The Illinois Cycling Club of Chicago are located temporarily in the large wooden building at the corner of Washington boulevard and Bishop's court. They have taken a three years' lease of the building while their new club house is being constructed.

Van Wagoner, who left Boston for Chicago, attempting to ride the 1,100 miles in eleven days, will not make over sixty or sixty-five miles a day, owing to the miserable condition of the roads. Van Wagoner will complete in the 100-mile race at Crawfordsville, Ind., and later at the June tournament at the Exposition building, Chicago.

## CHICAGO ATHENAEUM.

The People's College—45-51 Dearborn Street.

Twentieth year. Fall term opens Sept. 1st. Business and Academic Departments. The leading Munson Shortland School in the West. The best endorsement of the Athenaeum is from its own pupils, past and present. Evening classes free evenings a week. All common English branches are taught. School of Architectural and Mechanical drawing, higher Mathematics, Physics, Rhetoric, Elocution, Book-Keeping, Penmanship, Language, Literature, Instrumental and Vocal Music. The Athenaeum maintains the finest Gymnasium in the city and also a choice library. Sent to Superintendent for catalogue.

N. B.—A spacious and elegant building for the permanent home of the Athenaeum, next to the Art Institute on Van Buren St., will be open in January next.

### A Progressive Company.

In addition to the splendid passenger equipment now furnished by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, the management have arranged to run vestibuled passenger cars on the through day trains, commencing with September 1. These cars are the product of the Pullman Company, shops, and are considered by many railroad men to surpass in elegance and completeness any parlor cars which have as yet been placed on the rails.

Before the winter travel commences all passenger trains will be provided with safety steam-heating apparatus which is connected with the engines and receives its steam from this source, thereby obtaining an even temperature in the car at all times.

These improvements are made for the convenience of the traveling public and reflect credit upon the liberal policy adopted by the management of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

WANTED DISTRICT AGENTS and Inspectors to represent the Chicago Stock Insurance Co., Oldest in the State. A. H. SMITH, Sec., Room 63-64, 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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DR. J. B. DYE, Buffalo, N.Y. Information about lands and cheap homes in Florida always write to J. C. Cook, Live and Florida. Reading matter and State Map 10 cents.

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JAMES TANNIN. Late Commissioner.



## THE LAKE GALILEE.

### DR. TALMAGE'S SAIL OVER THE FAMOUS BIBLICAL LAKE.

"A Section of the Sea of Galilee, Described by St. John, Let Down From Heaven on Silver Pulleys."—Jesus, the Sympathizer, the Emancipator, the Pardon-Grantor, the Merciful, the Comforter.—Heaven for All.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1890.—Dr. Talmage preached today the tenth of his series of sermons on his Palestine tour, describing his experiences on the lake whose waters were once still as the command of Christ. The text was: "He entered into a ship and sat in the seat and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land."—Mark 4, 1.

It is Monday morning in our Palestine experience, and the sky is a blue Galilee above, and in the boat we sail the blue Galilee beneath. It is thirteen miles long and six miles wide, but the atmosphere is so clear it seems as if I could cast a stone from beach to beach. The lake looks as though it had been let down silver pulleys from the heavens and were a section of the sea of glass that St. John describes as a part of the celestial landscape. Lake Galilee is a depression of six hundred feet in which the river Jordan widens and carries a little, for the river Jordan comes in at its north side and departs from its south side, so this lake has its cradle and its grave. Its white sand cradles are among the snows of Mount Hermon where the Jordan starts, and its sepulchre is the Dead Sea into which the Jordan empties. Lake Como of Italy, Lake Geneva of Switzerland, Lake Lemond of Scotland, Lake Winipeg of America, are larger, but Lake Galilee is the greatest diamond that ever dropped from the finger of the clouds, and whether encamped on its banks as we were yesterday and worshiping at its crystal altar, or as we are today, its graves which make an ordinary bath solemn as a baptism, or now putting out upon its sparkling surface in a boat, it is something to talk about, and pray about, and sing about, until the lips with which we now describe it can neither talk, nor pray, nor sing.

Of the two hundred and thirty warships Josephus maneuvered on these waters—for Josephus was a warrior as well as a historian—there remains not one piece of a hull, or one hatch of a canvas, or one splinter of an oar. But return to America we never will until we have had a sail upon this inland sea. Not from a wharf but from a beach covered with black and white pebbles we go on board a boat of about ten or twelve tons, to be propelled partly by sail and partly by water. The mast leans so far forward that it seems about to fall, but we find it was purposely so built, and the rope through a pulley manages to hoist and let down the sail. It is a rough boat and as far as possible removed from a Venetian gondola or a sportsman's yacht. With a common saw and hammer and axe many of you could make a better one. Four barefooted Arabs, instead of sitting down to their oars, stand as they always do in rowing, and pull away from shore. I insist on helping, for there is nothing more exhilarating to me than rowing, but I soon had enough of the clumsy oars, and the awkward attempt at wielding them while in standing posture.

We put our overcoats and shawls on a small deck in the stern of the boat, the very kind of a deck where Christ lay on a fisherman's coat, when of old a tempest pounced upon the fishing smack of the afflicted disciples. Ospreys and wild duck and kingfishers fly overhead or dip their wings into the lake, mistaking it for a fragment of fallen sky. Can it be that those Bible stories about sudden storms on this lake are true? Is it possible that out of such seeming placidity of temper could cover such rage and at the heavens? It does not seem as if this happy family of elements could have ever had a falling out and the water strike at the clouds and the clouds strike at the water.

Here at Capernaum, the Arabs having in their arms carried us ashore to the only place where our Lord ever had a pasture, and we stepped amid the ruins of the church where He preached again and again, and again, whose rich sculpturing lay the synagogue, there, not as when others see it in spring time covered with weeds, and loathsome with reptiles, but in that December weather completely uncovered to our agitated and intense gaze. On one stone of that synagogue is the sculpturing of a pot of manna, an artistic commemoration of the time when the Israelites were fed by manna in the wilderness, and to which sculpturing no doubt, Christ pointed upward while He was preaching the sermon on this very spot, in which He said: "Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead; He that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Wonderful Capernaum. Scene of more miracles than any place in all the earth! Blind eyes healing with the morning. Withered arms made to pulsate. Lepers blooming into health. The dead girl reanimated.

These Arab tents, which on this December day I find in Palestine, disappear and I see Capernaum as it was when Jesus was pastor of the church here. Look at that wealthy home, the architecture, the marble front, the upholstery, the slaves in uniform at the doorway. It is the residence of a courtier of Herod, probably Chuza by name, his wife, Joanna, a Christian disciple. But something is the matter. The slaves are in great excitement, and the courtier living there runs down the front steps and takes a horse and puts him at full run across the country. The boy of that nobleman is dying of typhoid fever. All the doctors have failed to give relief. But about five miles up the country, at Cana, there is a Divine Doctor, Jesus by name, and the agonized father has gone for him; and with what earnestness those can understand who have had a dying child in the house. This courtier cries to Christ: "Come down ere my child die!"

While the father is absent, and at one o'clock in the afternoon, the people watching the day by see a change in the countenance, and Joanna, the mother, on one side of his couch, says, "Why, this darling is getting well; the fever has broken; see the perspiration on his forehead; did any of you give him any new kind of medicine?" "No," is the answer. "The boy turns on his pillow, his delirium gone, and asks for something to eat and says: 'Where's father?' Oh, he has gone up to Cana to get a young doctor of about thirty years of age. But no doctor is needed now in this house at Capernaum. The people look at the sun-dial to find what time of the day it is, and see it is just past noon, and one o'clock. Then they start out and meet the returning father and as soon as they come within speaking distance they

about at the top of their voices, "Your boy is getting well again. Is it possible?" says the father, "when did the change for the better take place?" "One o'clock," is the answer. "Why," says the courtier, "that is just the hour that Jesus said to me 'Thy son liveth.' One o'clock."

As they gather at the evening meal what gladness in all the countenances in that home in Capernaum! The mother, Joanna, has not had sleep for many nights, and she now falls off into delightful slumber. The father, Chuza, the Herodian courtier, worn out with anxiety as well as by the rapid journey to and from Cana is soon in restful unconsciousness. Joanna was a Christian before, but I warrant she was more of a Christian afterward. Did the father Chuza accept the Christ who had cured his boy? Is there in all the earth a parent so ungrateful for the convalescence or restoration of an imperiled child as not to go into a room and kneel down and make surrender to the almighty love that came to the rescue.

Do not mix up this case with the angry discussions about Christian science, but accept the doctrine, as old as the Bible, that God does answer prayer for the sick. That Capernaum boy was not the only illustration of the fact that prayer is mightier than a typhoid fever. And there is not a doctor of large practice but has come into the hospital of some hopeless case, and in a cheerful manner, if he were a Christian, or with a bewildered manner if he were a skeptic, said, "Well, what have you been doing with this patient? What have you been giving him? The pulse is better. The crisis is past. After all, I think he will get well." Prayer will yet be acknowledged in the world's materia medica and the cry is just as appropriate now as when Chuza, the courtier from Capernaum, uttered in Christ's hearing: "Come down ere my child die!" If the prayer be not answered in the way we wish, it is because God has something better for the child than earthly recovery, and there are thousands of men and women now alive in answer to fathers' and mothers' prayers, myself one of the multitude. For I have heard my parents tell how when at three years of age scarlet fever seemed to have done its full work on the child, the physicians had said there was no more use of their coming and they had left a few simple directions to make the remaining hours peaceful, and according to the custom in those times in country places, the neighbors had already come in and made the shroud, the form case suddenly brightened and the prayer, "Come down ere my child die!" was answered in a recovery that has not been followed by a moment's sickness from that time to this.

But someone may say that Christ in Capernaum healed that courtier's child, yet he would not have done it for one in a hundred. Why, in that very Capernaum he did the same thing for a dying slave, belonging to the man who had made a present to the town of the church of which Jesus was pastor, the synagogue among whose ruins I today leap from fragment to fragment. This was the cure of a Roman soldier's slave, whose only acknowledged rights were the wages of his owner. And now are now so enslaved or so humble or so sick or so sinful, but the all-sympathetic Christ is ready to help them, ready to cure them, ready to emancipate them. Hear it! Pardon for all. Mercy for all. Help for all. Comfort for all. Heaven for all. Oh, this Lake Galilee! What a refreshment for Christ! It must have been after sympathizing with the sick, and raising the dead, and preaching to the multitudes all day long to come down on these banks in the night time and feel the cool air of the sea on his hot face, and look up to the stars, the lighted lamps around the heavenly palace from which he had descended.

"But," says some one, "why was it that Christ coming to save the world should spend so much of his time on and around so solitary a place as Lake Galilee? There is only one city of any size on its beach, and both the Western and Eastern shores are a solitude, broken only by the sounds coming from the mud hovels of the desert. Why did not Christ begin at Babylon the mighty, at Athens the learned, at Cairo the historic, at Thebes the hundred-gated, at Rome the triumphant? If Christ was going to save the world, why not go where the world's people dwell? Would a man, wishing to revolutionize for good the American continent, pass his time amid the fishing huts of the shores of Newfoundland? My friends, Galilee was the hub of the wheel of civilization and art, and the center of a population that staggered realization. On the shores of the lake we sail today stood nine great cities—Scythopolis, Tarichea, Hippos, Gamala, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, Tiberias—and many villages, the smallest of which had 15,000 inhabitants, according to Josephus, and reaching from the beach back into the country in all directions. Palaces, temples, coliseums, gymnasiums, amphitheatres, towers, gardens, terraces, on the hillside, forming bewildering with sunlight, bath upon whose mosaic floors kings trod; while this lake from where the Jordan enters it to where the Jordan leaves it, was beautiful with all styles of Shallop, or drowful with all builds of war galleon. Four thousand ships, history says, were at one time upon these waters. Battles were fought there which shocked all nations with their consequences.

Here mingling blood with pure and sparkling foam, In her last throes Judaea fought with Rome.

Upon those sea-fights looked Vespasian, and Titus and Trojan, and whole empires. From one of these naval encounters so many of the dead floated to the beach, they could not soon enough be entombed, and a plague was threatened. Twelve hundred soldiers escaping from these vessels of war were one day massacred in the amphitheatre at Thebes. For two hundred years that almost continuous city encircling Lake Galilee was the metropolis of our planet. It was to the very heart of the world that Jesus came to soothe its sorrows, and pardon its sins, and heal its sick, and emancipate its enslaved and reanimate its dead.

Thank God that I have seen this lake of Christ's memories, and I can say with Robert McChesney, the accredited minister of Scotland, who, seated on the banks of this lake, wrote in his last sick days and just before he crossed the Jordan that empties into Galilee but the "Sea of glass mingled with fire!" these sweet words: "It to be played by human fingers on strings of strings of earthly life, or by angelic fingers on scrupulous harps: It is not that the wild zephyr Comes down to drink thy tide, But He that was pierced to save from hell, Oft wandered by thy side. Then calm, reposest sea: It is a far more, the beautiful feet Of Jesus walked o'er thee, O Savior! gone to God's right hand. Yet the same Savior still Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand, And every fragrant hill.

Enjoy and give enjoyment without injury to thyself or others. This is morality.

## WAITING.

It was autumn along the northern coast. The summer had gone all at once. The blue sky had given place to a sky of gray, wind-swept, with low, driving clouds, which threw down little flurries of snow every now and then.

There were rocks upon the shore upon which no verdure grew, and far inland the soil was poor, sterile, and inhospitable for man and beast; a little grass grew—not much—and the fall of the thrasher had not been needed for many a year.

It was not a place one would choose to live in, after the summer had gone; but there were many places in the world that one would not choose to live in, at any time. In the summer, these people found the means of a poor livelihood here, and so they stayed. In the winter, when cold and snow and ice put their seals upon the coast, they still lived on, waiting for the summer. While after many months, would come again. In the cellar they buried a few potatoes; some bits of salted fish were stored away; great piles of driftwood were stacked against the cabins. Then they waited for the summer again.

In one of these cabins a woman waited, who had waited wearily through many a summer and winter; and she differed from the others who waited in this that she never cared whether they came. Most of the others who waited did care; in a dull, apathetic way, life was dear to them, but it was not so to this woman.

Long years ago, so long that the dozen brief summers and the dozen long, cold, dreary winters seemed dozens and dozens to her, this woman had been young and joyous, and in a certain wild, coarse way, she had some claim to beauty, and she had been strong of mind, of will, and of body. Her little, brown arms could handle an oar as well as many men. Her firm brown hands could hold the tiller or the sheet of the dory.

She had had lovers, too. For they even made love, and played all the parts of life, upon that bleak coast. But she had played fast and loose with them until they had grown tired, one by one, and gone away, or married other girls and settled down to the dull routine life in which was neither beauty nor gentleness nor romance. Jane Somers had not cared for them. She was not even jealous of the wives of these men. She pitied them when their husbands got drunk and beat them, as they sometimes did. When their children came, she would go and nurse them, and tidy up their poor cabins a little, and berate the husbands with a shrewish tongue for their improvidence.

"Sorry enough am I for Jack Parley's wife," she would say to her mother, upon coming home from such an errand. "She wanted him so bad. Never rested till she had him fast. Wouldn't speak to me for months when Jack was worrying me to marry him. And now he spends the money that he earns at the fishing for liquor and lets her want. Ah! if he were my man, now, he'd do different. I warrant you."

"Better wait till you get a man who's better before you tell so fast what you would do with some one else's." She had taken Jack Parley, now, don't you think he would be drinking just the same?"

"Indeed he would not, mother. It's not I that would let him take the bread out of my children's mouths; and I think no man would ever beat a woman if it wasn't for the liquor."

"Ah! Jane, you're a bit daft on that. Don't be always thinking of the same thing, my girl."

"Indeed, I am not always thinking of it, mother. And I am never sorry. If a man don't care enough for a woman to give up his drink, he don't care much, that's all. Then why should she?"

"A bit of a drink is not always hurting a man, Jane. It's a rough life they have. And it is not a good thing that a woman should be growing old here alone. I won't last much longer."

"I am better off than some of the other silly creatures, as it is, mother." For a dozen years, this woman had been trying to comfort herself with the belief that she was "better off" as it was. She had not wanted any of those rough, roystering young fellows who had dangled after her for awhile, and then sailed themselves with some other girl. She had felt above them; she had been above them. In fact, for she knew a little of the world beyond the coast. Not that she had ever journeyed away from it—except as a book now and then, or a paper, or a magazine had helped her to do so. She might, perhaps, have gone away from all these things that were so distasteful to her, and seen something of that outside world, but she had given her promise to wait just there.

Willie Trejor had been the likeliest lad in the village; every one had said that of him. Even as a boy, he had been a master hand at the fishing; before he was a man he had a share in his boat. He was only twenty then, and when the papers were made out, he had come to Jane Somers with them as an evidence that he was a boy no longer, and asked her to marry him.

"I will not marry you nor any other man, Willie, until you prove that you love me better than the drink. We can see too many girls right here who have found what it costs to do different."

Willie's brown cheek had flushed with honest pride as he answered, "You don't think I am such a man as they are who wives you are thinking of, do you, Jane?"

"No, not such a man now, and, please God, may you never be. But Sam McRae was a fine, honest lad when poor Nell married him, and he said he would give up the drink when he was married. But he never did."

"Sam McRae is a dolt of a man," answered Willie, "and Nell but cries and looks scared when he comes about her. You could have made something even of Sam," he continued admiringly, "but Nell never could."

"He should make something of himself," Jane replied, frowning. "A man should not expect to take care of a woman, and expect her to make a man of him."

"I don't look for you to do that for

me, Jane. I can do that for myself, I think; and, if you will marry me, I swear to you I will let drink alone, though it's little enough harm it has ever done me; and it's a good thing, I can tell you, girl, in a rough sea on a wet night."

"If you stop drink, I will marry you when the boats come home again; but unless you swear to me then that you have drunk no drop from this night till that, and if you cannot come and tell me then, I will wait until you can tell me that you have stopped; for I do love you dearly, Willie, and I will be the wife of no man but you."

And Jane Somers had laid her small, firm hand in his huge one, and had lifted up her brown face to be kissed, and with the kiss had registered a vow that she would wait till the end of time, if need be.

Then Trejor had gone to the boats with a glum, honest purpose in his heart. He would stand the gibes of the men—that would be the hardest part of all—that he might go back and tell Jane she should get a wedding-gown ready.

They had had good luck—so good, that the men could not go home until they had celebrated it by a grand carousal. Trejor had not meant to join them, but they had tumbled him in with being in leading strings, and he had dared not go. So he had gone at last, but promising himself that he would yet keep his word to Jane about the drink. But the human will is weak, even in strong men, sometimes. And in the morning Trejor awoke with a shamed feeling that he had not been a man—that even his love for Jane had not been enough to make him a man. And she would not marry him, and trust to making a man of him afterwards; he knew Jane Somers well enough never to think that.

The boats were ready to start homeward, but Trejor was not going with them. He could not face Jane with that broken promise. She had promised to wait for him, and he knew she would keep her promise. So he sent a letter, very humble and very manly, saying he would go away and stay until he could come back with a clean conscience. He would come back, he was sure of that.

Jane had read his letter by herself, but had made no moon. She had not even been surprised, for she had little faith in such promises among the fishing men. She had seen so much of them. Mrs. Somers had guessed her daughter's trouble, but she gave Jane little sympathy.

"You are a foolish girl, Jane, to spoil your life for such notions. Willie Trejor is the best fisherman in the village, and he will make the most money. What if he does spend a trifle of it for drink? You should be willing to give him his pleasure."

"You know it is not that mother. But if he should strike me once when he was in his cups, then I should hate him, and there would never be peace between us any more."

"Many a better woman than you has stood that much for the man she loved," said the mother.

"It may be so, but I am not such a creature as Nell McRae, to sit down, white and scared, if a brute of a man should strike me, or swear at me; and well does Willie Trejor know that!" she added with flashing eyes.

"Tut! tut! girl. If you talk that way, it's a wide berth all the lads will give you."

"I want them to do that. They are not worth Willie's little finger."

"Yes, he's well enough," grumbled the mother. "But if he doesn't come back, remember there's just as good fish in the sea. He's not the only lad in the village nor on the coast."

It was a waste of words talking to Jane. If Willie came not, none need come. And so she waited, and grew old and plain, and set in her ways, as women will who live without love.

And now a dozen years had gone by, and no word had come from Trejor. Sometimes they heard rumors through some of the village lads who had found their way to wider seas. One said he was mate upon a ship that traded in the great ports. Another, that he was off in some foreign navy, trying to get shot in wars that were no concern of his. Jane listened and waited. If he were alive, and could make a man of himself, he would come back. If he could not do that, then it was better for them both that he never came.

At last it did come. It was all very simple and natural. It was summer, and Jane was tending some old-fashioned flowers which she had coaxed into growing in the little garden. There were some asters and marigolds and a clump of overlasting, which she liked to have to brighten the house up a little in the long winter. She had been bending down, when she heard her name called; and before she looked up, she knew it was Willie come back.

She was so glad that she thought he must hear her heart beat; but woman like, she had time to think of her looks, and she wished her gown was not so plain and old-fashioned, and would he think she had changed much, she wondered? If she only had one of the faded ribbons at her throat that had been laid aside these twelve years, it would be a little more like old times. But before all these had taken definite shape, she was in Willie's arms, sobbing and crying like a tired child, not like the prim little old maid that she had grown to be.

When they were seated side by side upon the sofa in the clean parlor, Trejor told his story in a few words.

"I have been trying to come back all these years, Jane, but I couldn't come till I could tell you that no drink had passed my lips for one whole year. Sometimes I would make it and then away I'd go again. Luck would turn bad, or I'd be in the port with the men, or we'd be out in rough weather. And then it would seem for awhile that there was no use trying. But it's a year now, Jane, and I've stopped for good, and—will you marry me now, won't you, Jane?"

Jane was very tired waiting, and even if she were not quite sure, she would risk it now; all women risked something. So for an answer she laid her hand in his, not so brown and firm as it was a dozen years before, and said:

"Yes, I will marry you now, Willie! If there was any mistrust in her heart, he knew nothing of it.

When the wedding-day came, they made a fine couple, the village folk said, though not so young as they had been. Jane was very quiet and happy, and made her answers in a firm, clear voice. But when it was over, and Willie bent down to kiss his bride before all the people, she gave a little cry, and looked up into his face with a startled expression. What she saw there terrified her, but she took his arm and walked bravely home beside him; she would not show her humiliation before the village.

When they were inside the door, she turned, and faced him:

"So this is your manliness, is it? To win your wife by promises, and then to break them on your wedding-day?"

"Don't be too hard on me, Jane," he said, with a feeble laugh. "A man can't be a churl on the day he is married. The men had to be treated, and I just took a glass with them."

"I said I would marry you, Willie, and I have. But you had better go away now—I said I would wait for you again, and so I will now. But don't ever come back again till you're sure of yourself."

Trejor sat with his face almost as white as his wife's.

"You don't mean that you're sending me away now?" he asked in a thick voice.

"Yes, you have lied to me. You had better go."

The summers came and went as before. Jane Trejor tended her little garden and ministered to her neighbors in sickness and in death; and though she waited and hoped, her waiting and hoping never brought a reward again.

After a long time her life ebbed out, as her mother's had done before, and, at her request, they put above her grave, a stone, with this inscription:

THE LOVING WIFE OF WILLIE TREJOR. AND BELOW IT THIS:

"I AM WAITING."

Long years afterward, what was only the mere wreck and semblance of a man came back to the village. He wandered into the cheerless little cemetery and saw the stone with the inscription. He said to some of the people:

"I am he for whom she waits."

And they laid him beside her. He would never be sent away.

Love's Secret.

Love found them sitting in a woodland place, His anxious hand amid her golden tresses, And love looked smiling on her glowing face, And moistened eyes, upturned to his caresses.

"O sweet," she murmured, "life is utter bliss," "Dear heart," he said, "our golden cup runs over," "Drink, love!" she cried, "and thank the gods for this," He drained the precious lips of cup and love.

Love blessed the kiss, but ere he wandered, The blessed moments heard this benediction: "Love lies within the brimming bowl of sense; Who keeps this full has joy—who drains, affliction."

They heard the rustle as he smiling fled; She reached her hand to pull the roses blowing, He stretched to take the purple grapes o'er head.

Love whispered back: "Nay, keep their beauties growing."

They paused and understood; one flower alone They took and kept, and Love flew smiling over.

Their roses bloomed, their cup went brimming on; She looked for Love within, and found her lover.

John Doyle O'Reilly.

Fixing the Damages.

While we were waiting at Trenton for the Long Branch train a lot of baggage had to be transferred. The manner in which it was handled excited the indignation of a score of passengers, but no one wanted a "score" and no protests were made until the last trunk was reached. It was an ordinary zinc trunk, well strapped, and stout enough to go around the world with fair usage. The man on the truck onled it up, gave it a twist and a fling, and it struck on end with a crash and burst open. The owner had been quietly surveying operations, and as the climax came he stepped forward and asked:

"How much will it take to repair that trunk?"

"Damfino," was the reply, followed by a chuckle.

"Then I will post you in your business!" quietly remarked the passenger.

He was a solid, broad-shouldered man, and with one grab he had the baggage man by the hip and shoulder and held him aloft as if he had been a bundle of hay.

"What's the damage to my trunk?"

"Five dollars, and I'll pay it!"

"O, you will? Very well."

His victim had scarcely reached his feet when he fished up a \$5 bill. His face was whiter than flour, and he trembled so that he had to sit down.

"Don't you forget that a passenger's trunk has all the rights of a passenger," said the man as he turned away to light a cigar and walk up and down.

"Who is he?" I asked of the man on my left.

"Don't you know? Why, that's Muldoon, the wrestler and trainer!"—Detroit Free Press.

Result of Dropping an "H."

She boarded green car No. 146, at the Elblitt, bound west. She was apparently a woman of 60 years, and English. Put me off at 'high street,' she said to the conductor. "Yes, 'em," he replied with a politeness indigenous to the soil. Merely the car rolled along up Fourteenth, along H and out Seventeenth to I, when the conductor rang the bell. "I street," he called. She never moved. "I street," he called again. And she sat still. "I street, madam," he said, coming forward and touching her on the shoulder. "I said 'high street,' she replied, in innocent explanation. "This is I street," he urged. But I want to go to 'high street," she insisted. "But this 'high street' it struck him. "Oh, excuse me," he said, backing off. And the lady went on to Georgetown.—Washington Star.

Seventy per cent of the voters of Kansas are farmers.

## WILDFIRE ON THE PRAIRIE.

A Graphic Description of the On-coming of the Wall of Flame.

We all sprung up to see one of the saddle horses—a veteran in years and experience—standing with his head high in the air and pointed due west. While he looks as fixedly as if his eyes had lost their power to turn, his nostrils quiver and dilate with excitement. We watch him a full minute. He was the first to exhibit alarm, but now one horse after another throws up his head and looks to the west.

"It's fire, boys!"

Had it been night we should have seen the reflection. Had there been a strong wind the color would have come to us sooner. There is only a gentle breeze—lanquid, dying under the fierce sun, but restricted and given a new lease of life at intervals by an unknown power. But now we can see the smoke driving heavenward and shutting the blue of the west from our vision—now the horses show signs that no man could mistake. A great wall of flame fifty miles in length is rolling toward us, fanned and driven by a breeze of its own creation, but coming slowly and grandly. It takes me two or three minutes to climb to the top of one of the trees, and from my elevated position I can get a grand view of the wave of fire which is driving before it everything that lives.

We work fast. Blankets are wet at the spring and hung up between the trees to make a bulwark against the sparks and smoke, the horses doubly secured, camp equipment piled up and covered, and before we are through we have visitors. Ten or twelve buffaloes come thundering—pass the grove—halt and return to its shelter, crowding as close to the horses as they can and showing no fear of our presence. Next come three or four antelopes, their bright eyes bulging out with fear, and their nostrils blowing out the heavy odor with sharp snorts. One rubs against me and licks my hand.

Yelp! Yelp! Here are half a dozen wolves, which crowd among the buffaloes and tremble with terror, and a score of serpents race over the open ground to seek the wet ditch which carries off the overflow of the spring. Last to come, and only a mile ahead of the wave, which is licking up everything in its path, is a mustang—a single animal which has somehow been separated from his herd. He comes from the north, racing to reach the grove before the fire shall cut him off, and he runs for his life. With his ears laid back, nose pointing, and his eyes fixed on the goal, his pace is that of a thunderbolt. He leaps square over one pile of camp outfit and goes ten rods beyond before he can check himself. Then he comes trotting back and crowds between two of our horses with a low whinny.

There is a roar like Niagara. The smoke drives over us in a pall like midnight. The air seems to be one sheet of flame. The wave has swept up to the edge of the bare ground, and is dividing to pass us by. We are in an oven. The horses snort and cough, and plunge, the wolves howl and moan as the heat and smoke become intolerable. Thus for five minutes, and then relief comes. The flame has passed, and the smoke is driving away. In this path is a breeze, every whiff of which is an elixir.

In ten minutes the grove is so clear of smoke that we can see every foot of earth again. A queer sight it is. It has been the haven of refuge for snakes, lizards, gophers, prairie dogs, rabbits, coyotes, wolves, antelope, deer, buffaloes, horses, and men—enemy, antithesis, and hunger suppressed for the nonce that all might live—that each might escape the fiend in pursuit.

For half an hour nothing moves. Then the mustang flings up his head, blows the last of the smoke from his nostrils, and starts off with a flourish of his heels. The buffaloes go next, the deer and the antelope follow, and in five minutes we are left alone.

## A Substitute.

"Julius," said the Colonel, with a benevolent smile, "you probably know that I have a hundred acres of water-melons?"

"I—I—has yo' dun got dat much, sah?"

"Why, you live out there, Julius, and know all about it."

"Deed I lib out dar, but Ieo bin so werry busy I hain't had time to inqur' around. What about dem water-melons







## A VERY FINE LINE OF LAMPS AT G. O. FOLTZ.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.  
SILVER LAKE CLIPPING.  
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.  
HAINEVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.  
PUBLISHED BY  
J. J. BURKE.  
From the Press of the Antioch News.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.  
Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois.

The population of Spain has increased wonderfully during the past few years. During the thirteen years just ended there has been an increase of about 1,000,000 people. This vast increase is said to be due to the changes made in the hygienic condition of the large cities and towns.

The differences that have for some time been existing between the national commission and the world's fair directory have been harmoniously settled. All difficulties that may hereafter arise will be referred to a board of control consisting of eight members of the commission and eight members of the directory.

Affairs on the frontier are fast assuming a threatening appearance. "Spirit dancing" seems to be the order of the day among the Indians, who seem determined to bring on a fight with the troops no matter what the result may be. They have the wrong kind of religious enthusiasm and are apt to pay dearly for it if they attempt to "lift" any scalps.

AFTER a precarious existence of many years it is more than possible that the Panama Canal has received its death blow. The French liquidators refuse to prolong concessions, and their refusal is apt to cause the final extinction of the concern. Should this final crash come it will not be unexpected. Men who know the obstacles to contend with, confidently predicted its doom years ago.

CHRISTMAS toys are already flooding the markets and emptying the purses of the people. Millions of dollars are annually spent in the purchase of toys and the like, trinkets that are as short lived as would be a snowstorm "neath the piercing rays of the summer sun". Yet it can not be truthfully said that the practice is a bad one. It creates in the mind of a child a sense of generosity that in after years will go far to overcome its selfish propensities.

It has recently transpired that a man over in Indiana has been serving out a life sentence for a crime he never committed. Although the actual murderer, who is now serving a life sentence, had written repeatedly to the different governors accusing himself of the crime, the former paid no attention to the matter until recently and let an innocent man remain in prison for twenty years. The people of Indiana must still be living back in the fifteenth century.

The following letter contains the best excuse that we ever heard of a man give for not trying to solicit subscriptions for a newspaper:

"Dear Sir—Your letter asking me to act as your agent and subscription solicitor has arrived. I thank you for the confidence you place in me when you say that you trust in me to do a big business in getting subscriptions, including the 12x28 copy of 'The Angelus' as a premium to every subscriber. From a perusal of your sample copy I consider your paper to be a dicknailer of the first water; but owing to the fact that the crops were a failure last year, and the blizzard in January wiped out the cattle, and the population of this place is only two families and a water tank, and one of the families is away at the hot springs, and the other one, which was only Jed Roach himself, is dead since December, and as, dear sir, I am going East because I have no society but freight trains and telegraph messages that do not stop as they pass by, I do not think it would pay me to make much of a boom for your paper here, even if you increased the commission and threw in a three-bladed pocket-knife. "You asked me to hand your let-

ter to some other person in my town, provided I cannot work for you myself. I have no one to hand it to, but will nail it on the water tank when I leave".

### COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Circuit Court adjourned last week for the term.

H. J. Wright of Gray's Lake was in town Friday.

Mr. L. W. Howling of Lake Villa was in town Tuesday.

W. R. Kenney has finished his contract for laying water pipes here.

There were many people in town last Saturday from adjoining towns.

The smoke stack of the Safe and Lock building will be 100 feet high.

Mr. Steers had a limb broken recently at the Safe and Lock works.

The old officers of the Building and Loan Association have been re-elected.

L. N. Stratton, the new Congregational minister, has commenced his pastorate.

The interior of the Congregational Church has been nicely papered by W. H. Stripe & Son.

The Catholic Fair has closed after being open for a week. The society netted nearly \$2,000.

The Thanksgiving eve party at the Opera House given by the Modern Woodmen was a grand success.

The Waukegan branch of the Inter-State Loan Association, of Chicago has H. C. Hutchinson & Co. as agents.

The city bonds for sale at the First National Bank are being fairly well taken. It is thought that they will soon be in great demand.

Prof. A. B. Severance of Milwaukee was at the Opera House Monday evening for the purpose of organizing a dancing school.

There will be a Rainbow reception by the Ladies Aid Society of Christ Church, at the Opera House next Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Sheriff Conrad has taken possession of the Sheriff's quarters in the Court House and ex-Sheriff Webb is occupying Mr. Conrad's house on Utica Street.

The Corey Car Company has commenced work on the ground recently secured by them for buildings. The location is just north of Dow's planing mills.

Mr. James Hull, son of John Hull, and Miss Mary Dietmeyer were married Wednesday. Mr. Hull has a position with R. T. Perine. They will reside on North Liberty street in their handsome new house.

Thanksgiving was quietly and pleasantly spent here. People generally entertained friends at home or went out of town. Union services were held at the Christian Church. Rev. Reed of the Baptist Church preached the Thanksgiving sermon.

The Merchants Carnival at the Opera House Nov. 28th and 29th proved a very interesting entertainment. The Young Ladies Temperance Union were diligent in their efforts to make a grand success of it. The costumes worn by the young ladies, representing over thirty of our prominent business houses, were novel and ingenious.

### FOR SALE.

I have for sale a few more choice full blood White Leghorn Roosters. This breed is noted for their beauty and laying qualities. For prices etc. enquire of C. B. Gaines, Bristol, Wis.

### WE OFFER

this week the following bargains in real estate:

A 7 room new house and lot in this village, a bargain, at \$1,000 cash. A house and lot in this village cheap at \$500. A new house and lot and barn in this village for \$1,400, part cash, balance on time. Building lots in this village from \$100 up. A store 24x70 feet in Salem Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete. Will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. \$1,000 cash, balance on time.

CHINN & BURKE  
Real Estate and Loan Agents, Antioch Ill.

### PAY UP NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the firm of Brogan & Gray please call and settle at once.  
BROGAN & GRAY.

### In Good Hair Your Friend!

The undersigned having tried every known remedy to procure a good head of hair has at last found a simple recipe whereby he has obtained a luxuriant growth of hair, and will send treatment and recipe of same to any address upon receipt of 50c in currency. It is highly endorsed and positively guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Or it will raise a beard as well. Address H. B. Lyons, Milford, Kosciusko Co., Ind. (Cut this out and tell where you saw ad.)

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LADIES FURNISHING GOODS,  
WOOL AND MERINO UNDERWEAR,  
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All goods selected with care and sold  
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Excelling any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hoarse Sound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Colic, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve fevers at once. Manufactured by the JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. Sure Cure for Hog Cholera, FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

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AND SELL AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

BEFORE PLACING YOUR ORDER WITH OTHER DEALERS,

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Offers Unparalleled Inducements to Buyers of  
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Call in and see us in regard to Investments of all kinds, and learn what we can do for you in this line. Let us hear from you if you wish to buy, sell, let or rent buildings or real-estate of any kind.

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For the Season of 1890.

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AT THIS OFFICE.

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CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, CARPETS, RUGS,  
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WE HAVE ADDED A FULL LINE OF

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THE MOST COMPLETE GENERAL STOCK IN LAKE CO.  
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